Week ending June 6 1953 Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

NEVIL SHUTE'S 'IN THE WET'

The novel everybody is talking about

"I'd never go back from Electricity to old-fashioned cooking now"

"Do come and inspect the new pride and joy of my kitchen.

"It's electric — and what a difference! In the first place, it is clean! That's what I particularly like. No grime, no dust, no ash to dirty my kitchen. The cooker only needs a quick flick over while it's still warm — and it's as bright as a new penny!

"I find cooking by electricity a lot easier. The oven temperature, for instance, is controlled automatically by the thermostat. A special switch for the hotplate gives perfect heat control — from slow simmering to fast boiling.

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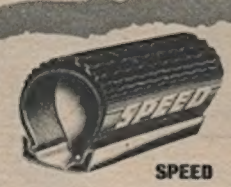

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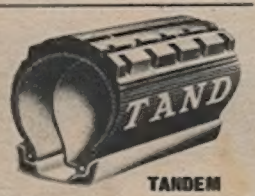
SPRITE

SILVER SPRITE



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EDITORIAL

"Taxi!"

BEFORE the war there were eight thousand taxi-cabs in London. In 1950 there were 6,800. Last year they were down to 5,437. Headed by Lord Runciman, the Treasury Committee on the Taxicab Service recently reported that "under present conditions the decline in numbers will continue until there ceases to be an effective taxi service in London."

Taxis are not just a luxury. Nearly everybody needs them sometimes, in emergencies, and to carry suitcases in the holiday season. So do the foreign visitors, of whom a million are expected this year.

PARIS has twice as many taxis as London, although it is a smaller city. The fares are no higher, and the Parisian cabby makes £4 a week more than the cockney, whose average wage is said to be rarely more than £7.

LORD RUNCIMAN
No rebate on petrol

Britain's provincial towns make taxis pay. Liverpool has fifty more than five years ago, and so has Newcastle.

In Sheffield there are now so many taxis that the owners complain there is not room for them all to park on the ranks. Glasgow has put fares up, but the cabs are still rolling.

Only in the capital—which needs taxis most—is there such a slump that taxi-owners say they now lose three-halfpence a mile on all journeys.

"The purchase tax remission which Mr. Butler gave us in his Budget is not much help, because two-thirds of our vehicles have already been replaced since the war," says Mr. J. T. Welland, secretary of the Proprietors' Association.

"The only thing which can save London's taxi service is a reduction in the cost of petrol."

LORD RUNCIMAN'S committee turned down the demand for a special 1s. rebate off the 1s. 9d. tax on their petrol. So did Mr. Butler.

That shilling, say the taxi-men, would save them. They say that in London traffic their cabs do only 15½ miles to the gallon, and that for every paid run of two miles their cabs run 1½ miles empty.

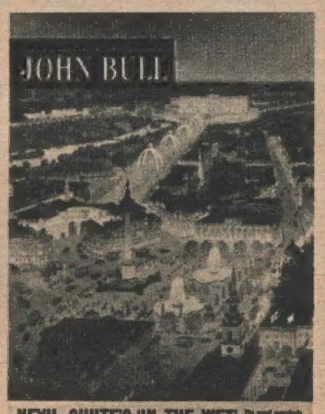
IF Mr. Butler maintains his refusal to reduce the taxi petrol tax, other remedies will have to be found.

The police may have to cease insisting on the present heavy, costly type of vehicle, and permit adapted private cars as they do in the provinces.

Unless a drastic solution is found, the cry of "Taxi!" will soon echo down the London streets in vain.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

FROM an imaginary viewpoint near Trafalgar Square, Ronald Lampitt paints London lit up for Coronation week. Buckingham Palace at the far end of The Mall faces Admiralty Arch. Left is St. James's Park and Wellington Barracks, opposite the Duke of York Memorial and Pall Mall. On Nelson's right and left are Canada and South Africa Houses; behind him the National Gallery and St. Martin-in-the-Fields, "parish church of the Commonwealth."



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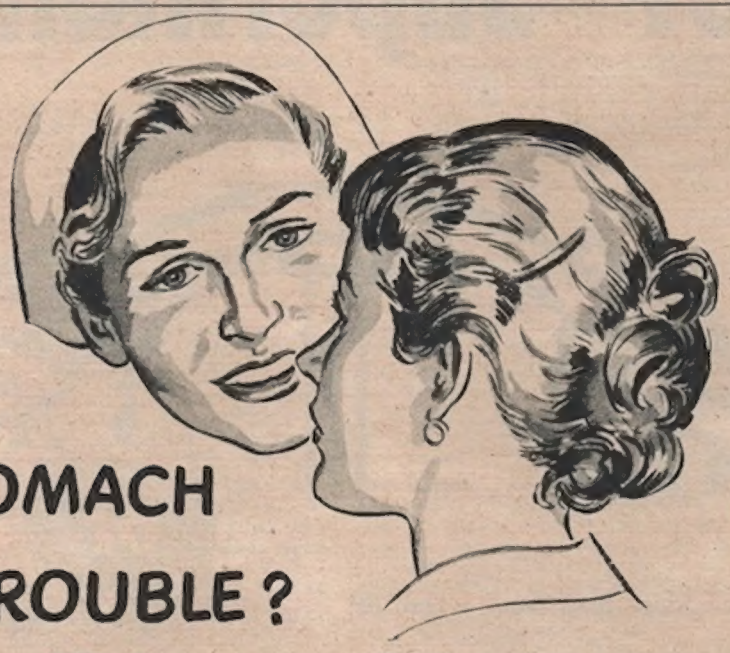

STOMACH TROUBLE?

Take my advice. . . .

"I meet so many people who are bothered by acid-indigestion—just like you. And I always advise 'Milk of Magnesia'*—in fact I take it myself when I have indigestion. 'Milk of Magnesia' isn't just an antacid, it's a mild laxative as well, so it corrects acidity and keeps the system happy at the same time. It's so gentle, too—it's ideal for Baby's 'windigestion'."

'Milk of Magnesia'

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JUNE 6, 1953 VOL. 93 NO. 2449 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

FREE SPEECH

Wives who inspire success

AS I was leaving a recent farewell dinner, given on my retirement, a chance remark by a woman guest made a greater impression on me than all the speeches.

"His professional success owes as much to his wife as to his own efforts," she said. This made me think, and I recalled that, from the time I met her, my wife has indeed been an inspiration. Before we were married, she encouraged me to study and take the exam that launched me on my career. Later, she tolerated hours of loneliness while I went away on business. By her advice and understanding, she helped me to overcome obstacles which might have defeated me. I mentioned this to married friends in several walks of life. We agreed that the country's business and commerce owe a great deal to the womenfolk—whether they are actively engaged in it or not.—A. G. S., Harrogate, Yorkshire.

Historic Change

I WAS recently given a George III sixpence in my change. It bears the date 1818, and I am wondering if it is a rarity.—MRS. P. S., Cornwall.

. . . A customer produced a George IV shilling dated 1829 in my shop the other day.—ARTHUR MAY, Palmerston Road, Chatham, Kent.

"Both these coins are still legal tender at their face value. In perfect mint condition, they might be worth double," says a numismatist. Earliest coins which are still legal tender are those dated 1816 (silver), 1837 (gold) and 1860 (copper).

Vocal Effort

RECENTLY, I prescribed glasses for a patient who was nearly deaf. He was followed by a middle-aged woman, and during the examination, I noticed that she was huddled in her chair—real fear graven on her face. Then I realized that I was bawling at the top of my voice. Explanations

quickly followed, and my embarrassment was rivalled by her obvious relief. Now, I've included a deaf-aid in my consulting-room equipment.—A. M., Sefton Park, Liverpool.

Code Breakers

THE other evening, I had several minutes to wait for a bus. To pass the time, I noticed all the infringements of the Highway Code which took place on the main road. My little census startled me. Fifty-two cars passed me: only eight had a clean sheet. Of the remainder, twenty-eight were exceeding the speed limit; sixteen turned at right angles without signalling, and many offended doubly by cutting out or cutting in. At least forty-four of these drivers would have failed the driving test miserably, due to faults which have become force of habit.—J. G. PARKER, Primley Park Lane, Leeds, Yorkshire.

Patients' Progress

AT the hospital where I worked here in Victoria, the night nurses hand the telephone operator a list of patients, as they go off duty. The list shows the general condition of each patient at the last ward inspection, and a general remark on the kind of night passed. The telephonist can compose a sympathetic message from this information, for the benefit of anxious relatives who ring up.—MRS. MARJORIE FRANKLIN, Reed Street, Victoria, British Columbia.

£. s. d. Of Living

MY wife and I are one of the 20,000 households taking part in the government's cost of living inquiry. This has meant recording every penny spent and received during a three-week period. We thoroughly enjoyed the task—it has opened our eyes to see exactly where the money has gone. But we are wondering just what happens to all these faithfully recorded items in this huge survey which means so much to all of us.—R. FLOWERS, Severn Drive, Pemberton, Wigan, Lancashire.

One in every 750 households is being covered by the survey, which lasts until December. The information is treated as confidential, and the particulars from each household will be fed into tabulating machines. The Cost of Living Advisory Committee will decide how to use the figures obtained, but any new retail prices index will not be ready until about a year after the end of the survey, because of the work involved.

Plumes Right

AS an ex-Coldstream guardsman, I must point out that the Irish guardsman on JOHN BULL'S May 16 cover should have the plume on the right-hand side of his bearskin.—T. O. GORMAN, Gloucester Road, Kingston-on-Thames, Surrey.

. . . The Grenadiers have a white plume on the left side; the Coldstreams, red on the right; the Irish, blue on the right; the Welsh, green and white on the left. The Scots have no plumes.—J. H. BANFIELD, Pontlyfni, Caernarvonshire.

Ginger's Journey

MY husband has often uttered dire threats against the neighbour's ginger cat, should he ever manage to catch it in our garden. But after driving to a town forty miles away, he found the very frightened cat on the roof of his car. "Ginger" made the journey home in luxury—with fish and milk.—MRS. C. JEFFERY, Central Park, Plymouth.

Unlucky Stars

ALASTAIR MARS'S encounter with the British trawler which so unwisely fired star shells ("Unbroken," JOHN BULL, May 16) and his reference to Captain Voelker—who later commanded the Charybdis—brought back vivid memories of the cruiser's fate. I was serving in one of the six destroyer escorts to Charybdis near the French coast, when we detected a pack of E-boats by our radar. It was

COMING SOON IN JOHN BULL

Lively two-part profile that pulls no punches

JACK SOLOMONS

by Keith Ellis

a pitch black night, and one of the destroyers fired star shells. They burst too high, and we were silhouetted as perfect targets. Besides sinking the Charybdis, the E-boats accounted for the destroyer Limborne. — L. PEMBERTON, Beecham Road, Reading, Berkshire.

. . . I was reminded of a vivid description I heard given by Captain Peter Churchill of his journey in the submarine H.M.S. Unbroken, and his subsequent landing in France. Of Alastair Mars, he said he was one of the finest men he had ever met.— GWYNETH NIXON, Stoneleigh Avenue, Acklam, Middlesbrough.

Ancient Inn

I WAS interested to see the interior photograph of the Fleece Inn at Bretforton in Harry Hopkins's excellent article on the Vale of Evesham (JOHN BULL, May 16). But the exterior of this famous old inn cannot be overlooked. I have spent many delightful

The Fleece Inn at Bretforton

hours painting its beauty. The inn has been the meeting place of the Vale of Evesham folk for about six hundred years.—M. R., Market Place, Evesham, Worcestershire.

The Fleece Inn is a fine specimen of half-timbering, with a Cotswold tile roof. Inside is a valuable collection of pewter—and a visitors' book containing many famous theatrical names.

Grubby Wealth

IN these days of clean-food campaigns I am amazed at the lack of concern at the filthy state of the banknotes in everyday use. As a cashier I feel I am conducting a private germ war on my colleagues as I transform piles of evil-looking notes into wages. I am told there is a form of dry-cleaning process for notes. It should be working overtime.—D. H., Yorkshire.

"Any system for cleaning or disinfecting notes would be far too costly," says the Bank of England. "In fact, banks return worn and dirty notes to us for pulping when they become too shabby for use."

Still A Secret

WHEN I voted in the municipal elections I noticed a printed number on the back of my ballot slip. Is it possible to trace votes by these numbers or are the slips destroyed after the count?—MRS. HILDA JAMES, Charlestown Road, Manchester, 9.

In spite of the numbers, the ballot is secret. When a voter receives a ballot slip his name is entered on the corresponding counterfoils, so that any fraud can be detected. After the count, slips and counterfoils are sealed in separate boxes. In local elections they are kept for six months by the clerk of the council. Only a county court or election petition court order can bring counterfoil and voting slip together again. The order must be applied for under oath by a person alleging fraud or misrepresentation.

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service, with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

At last - a "Family" Frigidaire for only £89-19-0

No other refrigerator gives you so much for so little money. Keeps food for a whole family Frigidaire-fresh!

ALL THIS FOOD FITS IN THE "FAMILY" FRIGIDAIRE

Enough perishable food to last the family a week. Top-to-bottom refrigeration is the answer. There's *no* waste space! All this food keeps fresh and wholesome, all of it is protected against germs and deterioration. And remember — more food *inside* your refrigerator means more free kitchen and larder space *outside* for the non-perishable foods.

This new, low-price refrigerator is the very thing millions of families have been waiting for. The "Family" Frigidaire enables every housewife to safeguard family health . . . prevent food wastage . . . serve better meals . . . get more fun from entertaining. It increases leisure, too — because once-a-week shopping is enough when food keeps fresh till it's needed!

Designed to save kitchen space, this elegant new table-top Frigidaire is a mere 2 ft. square by 3 ft. high. Yet what masses of food it holds! Skilled Frigidaire planning provides more than 4 cu. ft. of storage space — enough for all the varied needs of the family.

But you must *see* the "Family" Frigidaire for yourself to appreciate all its good points. It's on show and on sale now at Frigidaire Dealers, Electricity Board Service Centres and large stores everywhere.

You get all these features and more in the new "Family" Frigidaire

White acid-resistant porcelain table-top with splash board.

Thrifty "Meter-Miser" power unit — the simplest, most reliable refrigerating mechanism known. Sealed in steel, oiled for life, *uses less current than an ordinary light bulb.* Quiet running; radio and TV suppressed.

Backed by 5-Year Warranty. Every Frigidaire "Meter-Miser" is covered by a full 5-Year Warranty. Usual 1-Year Warranty on cabinet.

Big Super-Freezer stores 12 lb. of ice cream or frozen foods.

Quick-Release Ice Tray makes 14 cubes per freezing.

Adjustable Cold Control for faster ice freezing.

Easy-to-clean interior. Acid-resistant porcelain lining, rounded corners, removable shelves.

Sturdy all-steel cabinet construction.

Gleaming white exterior — wipes clean as a china plate.

Use the top as a table!

The flat top of the "Family" Frigidaire is just the right height to add 4 sq. ft. of extra work-table space to your kitchen. So durable it won't scratch, chip or stain even when slicing bread or chopping meat on it. Wipes clean in a jiffy.

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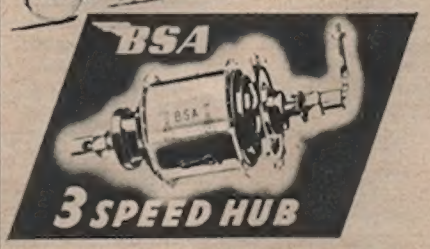

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Stevie inhaled at the opium pipe. "I ain't afraid to die," he said. Then the hallucinations were on him. "I'll go—carrying the Queen..."

Continuing the book all Britain is talking about

IN THE WET

by NEVIL SHUTE

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY SEABRIGHT

He was in dreadful pain. If opium could help him, then he must have it

I AM NO BRAVER than the next man: the prospect of wading through floods among crocodiles terrified me. But I had to do it; I had to try and find a medicine case which might save a man's life.

My name is Roger Hargreaves, and I am the new parson at Landsborough, in Northern Queensland. Landsborough is in what we call the Gulf Country. It has two seasons, the Dry and the Wet. The Wet begins when the rains come in December, just before Christmas.

Landsborough people are a good, rough sort. Most of them raise stock for a living. It's a lonely life, with not much entertainment. No wonder the stockmen go wild over a race meeting, and spend so much time in the bars when they come to town. A bush parson must sometimes wink at drunkenness. . . .

The only habitual drunk was Stevie. He was old and tattered and dirty, and he lived out in the bush with a Chinaman called Liang Shih. No one knew much about Stevie, though I heard he had been a pilot in the first World War. He called me a "bloody Pommie" the first time we met—I am an Englishman—and he clearly didn't think much of the Church. But he took an odd fancy to me, and we soon became cobbers.

There was something rather uncanny about

ABRIDGED BY JOHN BULL

Stevie. His muddled ideas about reincarnation, and his "beautiful dreams"—dreams about "flying across the world, carrying the Queen." . . . Well, I knew he smoked opium with Liang, and put it down to that.

One afternoon, in the Wet, Liang came to say that Stevie was desperately ill. I was in hospital at the time, getting over a bout of malaria. Liang wanted Sister Finlay to come at once.

We set out in Liang's cart through twelve miles of water. I never want to live through another three hours like that, or the ghastly incident of the medicine case. The case had fallen off the cart, and I went into the water waist-deep, almost paralysed with fear of crocodiles, but I never did find it.

Somehow, with my fever coming on again, we got through to Liang's rickety house. Inside, it was quite dark. Liang lit a candle, and by its guttering light we got our first sight of the room where Stevie lay sick.

PART 2

The Opium Pipe

THERE was a bed in the room with a mosquito net, but this net was thrown back, disclosing the soiled, rumpled sheet and pillow. Stevie was lying on this bed clothed in shirt and trousers, with bare feet; only the top button of the trousers was done up.

On a chair beside the bed was a small spirit lamp and a slender metal pipe with a tiny bowl, and a saucer with some brown stuff in it; there was a heavy acrid smell about the room. On the floor beside the bed a cheap paraffin lamp, the sort that hangs upon a wall, lay overturned; the oil had flowed out of this and made a pool upon the wooden floor. Stevie did not appear to be conscious.

Liang went forward and picked up the lamp and swept away the pipe and spirit lamp and saucer, but not before we had seen them. Sister Finlay went forward to the bed, threw off her raincoat and took Stevie's wrist to feel his pulse, peering at her wrist watch.

"Would you see if you can get that lamp lit, Mr. Hargreaves?" she asked. "We'll have to have more light than this."

I picked up the lamp from the floor and examined it; the glass was unbroken. I asked Liang, "Where's your drum of kerosene?"

Liang led the way down from the veranda underneath the house, which stood on posts as many of these houses do.

The drum of kerosene was there, and that's about all there was—just the drum. Somebody—it could only have been Stevie—had left the tap running, and there was paraffin all over the earth floor, soaking in and running away with the water. We shall never know exactly how he did it, but I think he must have gone down to refill the lamp, and probably a spasm of his abdominal pain took him while he was down there, so that it was all that he could do to get back to his bed.

Liang picked up a can and made me hold it while he tilted the drum forward, but only about a teacupful ran out into the can because the drum had already been tilted down a little as it lay.

"Is that all you've got, Liang?" I asked. "Have you got another drum?"

He shook his head. "No more drum."

We went back up into the house, and I explained the position to Sister Finlay. "I shouldn't think it would last through the night, but it may. We'd better turn the wick down when you've finished—make it last as long as possible."

I helped her to get Stevie's trousers off so that she could examine him. We laid him on his back, and he did not wake, and then I held the lamp while she examined the man's abdomen. There was a swelling which was evidently tender, because when she pressed it gently he stirred and complained even in his deep, drugged sleep. Presently she pulled his trousers up again, and stood there looking down at him in silence.

"Peritonitis, I should think," she said at last. "He's so heavily doped there's not much we can do."

She turned to Liang. "Show me the things that were on this chair, Liang," she said, and there was no acrimony in her tone. "The pipe and the opium."

He brought them out and showed them to her in silence.

"Does he smoke much of this?" she asked.

"Three," he said. "Three, when it is dark, to sleep. Not good smoke more."

Sister Finlay asked him, "Do three pipes send a man to sleep like that?"

He shook his head. "He smoke more yesterday, today. Good for pain."

"How many pipes do you think he's had today?"

He picked up the saucer and looked at the remnant of brown, treacly paste smeared on the bottom.

"Ten—eleven," he said. "I not know. I think when he wake up he smoke one, two pipes, good for pain, and then he sleeps again, one, two hours."

She leaned over the patient and raised one eyelid carefully; I held the lamp for her while she looked at the eye. Then she stood back again from the bed. "We'll have to get him to the aerodrome tomorrow somehow, and get the ambulance to fly him to the Curry. There'll have to be an operation. If I'd had my case with me I'd probably have had to give him a dope, and now he's doped himself. In a way, and in the circumstances, it may be rather a good thing."

There was nothing to be done, and I sat down wearily on a packing case beside a table that was littered with the remains of a meal; my head was swimming and I was very hot. From a great distance I heard Sister Finlay say, "We'll just have to watch him tonight, and hope we can get him out of this tomorrow, somehow. . . . Are you feeling all right, Mr. Hargreaves?"

"I'm all right," I said. The next thing that I knew was that her hand was on my wrist taking my pulse. "You're not all right at all," she said. "And you've got a temperature."

"Not bad," I said. "I'd like a drink of water, though."

She spoke to Liang, and in a dream I heard her arguing about something with him, but I could not comprehend what it was all about. Then she was giving me a glass of water, thick in colour and tasting of the floods, but it refreshed me, and I felt more myself.

Presently Liang appeared from the other room, where there was a wood fuel cooking stove, and began to lay the table for a meal. He produced three large wooden bowls, three cheap spoons and bread that was misshapen and home-made as a sort of a flat bun. Lastly he brought in from the other room a copper saucepan full of hot, steaming soup, thickened with many vegetables. This was our supper, and very good it was; I had two bowls of the soup and felt a great deal better. At the end of the meal there was a cup of black tea without sugar.

IT was while we were drinking our tea, sitting at the table in silence, that the rain stopped. The drumming on the iron roof had made a background noise that we had been unconscious of.

I got up presently and went out on to the veranda; it was cooler there, with a faint whisper of a breeze that cooled my fever. The clouds were breaking up and a full moon was showing now and then, illuminating the natural clearing in which the house stood and the gum tree forest beyond.

I stood there letting the light breeze play

It was an extraordinary sight. The animals

through my clothes, while my eyes gradually adjusted to night vision. And then I saw a most extraordinary sight.

The animals we had seen as we arrived were still there, but closer now. They were standing or sitting in the clearing, grouped in a rough semi-circle round the house, their heads all turned in our direction, watching.

The cattle were there, and the wild dogs, and the dingoes, and the wild pigs, and the wallabies, all at some little distance from the veranda. They did not seem to be grazing or moving about much, although they were not motionless; one or two of the dogs were scratching and the cattle were changing their position a little. They were just standing or sitting there in a semicircle round the house, watching us.

I turned and went back into the room, and said to Sister Finlay, "Come and look at this." She came out on the veranda, and when her eyes became accustomed to the moonlight she saw them, too.

"It's the lamp," I said. "I suppose they've been attracted by the light."

Behind us, Liang grunted; he had come out quietly, and I had not realized that he was there. The sister turned to him. "Do you often get them like this?"

He said something that neither of us could quite understand, and then he turned and went back into the house. We stayed on the veranda

were closer now, watching us, as if they knew something. "What do you think about Stevie?" I asked Sister Finlay. "Will he pull through?"

watching the animals for a time, and because Liang was not with us I could speak more freely to the sister.

"What's the position with Stevie?" I asked her. "Do you think he'll pull through?"

She said, "I doubt it. I don't know what's wrong with him. I think it's peritonitis by now; if it is, I doubt if he'll get as far as Cloncurry. It's quite possible that he might die tonight."

I nodded; I had been thinking the same thing.

We went back into the room. Liang was not there, and now there was a faint fragrance in the room that I had not noticed before. I went and looked into the other room, to see what was there.

It was lit by the candle, now burnt down quite low. There was a small, tawdry little shrine set up in one corner of the room, with dirty Chinese hangings; in it was a battered Chinese Buddha mostly painted yellow and very dirty. There was a stick of incense burning in front of this, a joss stick, I suppose, and Liang was kneeling in front of it in silent prayer. I withdrew quietly.

In the next room we turned the lamp low to conserve the kerosene, and settled down to wait for something to happen. I sat dozing on a chair, hot and feverish; my clothes were dry by that time, but I was very uncomfortable. From time to time I got up and drank a glass of the muddy water, and sat down again.

I don't know what time it was when Stevie came to, perhaps about eleven o'clock, or midnight. We had been there for several hours. I was dozing in my chair, and woke to see Sister Finlay get up and go to the bedside. I got up also, and went over to the bed. She was feeling the pulse, and Stevie was now restless. Once or twice the eyes opened and shut. He had drawn his knees up tight against his stomach, evidently in pain.

"He's coming round," she said quietly. "This is where our job begins, Mr. Hargreaves. We could have done with that case, after all."

I crossed to the table and turned up the lamp, and then went back to the bed. Liang came out of the next room, roused, perhaps, by our movements; he stood with us in silence for a time, watching the gradual return to consciousness and pain. Then he went softly to the veranda and stood looking out.

There was nothing I could do, and so I went out with him, and stood there while my eyes became accustomed. It was intermittent moonlight and darkness as the thick clouds parted and drifted across the moon, and in the passing, silvery light I saw that the animals were still there watching us, much as I had seen them before. I said to Liang again, "Do the animals usually come around like this, in the wet?"

He said, "Stevie die tonight."

"I hope not," I replied. "We'll get him to the hospital tomorrow."

He shook his head. "Animals, they come. I think he die."

I stared at him. "You think the animals know?"

He nodded. "Animals, they know."

I didn't see why the death of one drunken, dissolute old man should excite the animal kingdom very much, but there was no good arguing it with Liang, if indeed the language difficulties had permitted argument. I stayed with him in silence for a minute or two, and then went back into the room, to Sister Finlay and her patient.

Stevie was fully conscious now, and evidently in considerable pain. He was moaning a little; from time to time his face became distorted as the spasm racked him.

When he saw me he said to Sister Finlay, "What's that Pommie parson doing here?"

I went over to the bed. "How are you feeling, cobber?"

"I'm bad," he muttered. "I been bad three days. Got a bottle of whisky, Roger?"

"I haven't," I said. "I didn't bring any, and it wouldn't be good for you."

He stared at me for a minute. "Harps and

Looking into the other room, I saw Liang. He was kneeling before the Buddha in silent prayer

angel's wings," he said. "Pack of bloody lies, that's what I think."

I felt Sister Finlay beside me quiver with indignation, and I must say it didn't look as though Stevie was likely to accept the sort of spiritual consolation that I could offer him.

"That's all right," I said. "We'll argue that one out when you're well. We'll get you into Landsborough tomorrow, and then the ambulance will come and fly you to Cloncurry."

"I flown farther than that," he muttered. "Up 'n down, up 'n down, all across the world, carrying the Queen. Ottawa, Keeling Cocos, Nanyuki, Ratmalana—I know all them places. I got the Seventh Vote—did you know that, cobber? Did you know I got the Seventh Vote?"

I glanced at the sister, and she raised her eyebrows. He was wandering in his mind, of course, but anything that would take his thoughts off his pain was probably useful, since we had no morphia to ease it. "I never heard that," I replied. "How did you come to get the Seventh Vote?"

The pain hit him again, and his face contorted with the spasm. The current of his thought was broken, because presently he said, "I been sick in the belly three days. Got any whisky, cobber?"

"I'm sorry," I said patiently. "I didn't bring any with me."

Sister Finlay said, "Try and get some sleep, Stevie. It won't be long till morning, now, and then we'll get you to the hospital."

I withdrew a little from the bed, partly because I could not help her in her treatment of the disease, and partly because I was hot and sweating again, and my head was swimming and I did not want her to see my condition. The old man's hallucinations went round and round in my tired brain—the Seventh Vote, Ottawa, Keeling Cocos, carrying the Queen. I seemed to remember that he had talked to me like that before. Where did it all come from, what vagrant memories had come together to be expressed in those words? Old copies of some travel magazine for Ottawa and Keeling Cocos? Some article in the Australian *Women's Weekly* about the Queen? And then the flying motif once again. But that was easier, because I knew that once a man has piloted an aeroplane the memory lies deep within his brain, and he can never forget it.

I SAT there in a hot discomfort while the crisis rose upon the bed. From a great distance I watched the spasms, and watched Sister Finlay doing her best to help her patient; it was little enough that she could do. Liang was bringing hot, steaming cloths now from the other room, and they were laying them upon the skinny, rigid abdomen. And presently, as the hot fit passed and I grew temporarily more comfortable, I heard the old man say, "Is Liang there?"

"He's just in the next room," said Sister Finlay. "Do you want to speak to him?"

Stevie nodded, and the sister called Liang, who came to the bedside. He said, "You want something, Stevie?"

"Too right, I want something," the old man said. "Give us a pipe, mate."

The Chinaman glanced at the sister, who shook her head, and Liang withdrew softly to the other room, leaving her to fight her patient. "Not now, Stevie," she said. "You've had enough of that for today—it would be dangerous to take any more. Come on, I'll give you another of these cloths."

There was a long, long pause. At last I heard him say in a weak voice, "Give us a whisky, Sister. I'm bloody crook."

She said a little desperately, "I haven't got a whisky, Stevie, and it wouldn't be good for you. Lie still, and try and get some rest."

The spasm came to him again, and I saw

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Mother waves goodbye as she sets out on a shopping expedition. Magda, one of the fifty proxy parents on duty each day, looks after the children

Magda Egerton steps into Mother's shoes

by DON EVERITT

As a parent by proxy, she has built a snowman and tried out the Big Dipper—all to keep the children contented

THE WIFE OF A young Canadian official in London awoke feeling unwell one morning, and gave her husband a distracting problem. Not only was he unpractised in handling their month-old baby, but ninety minutes hence he had an important appointment. While he struggled with the baby's bottle and his own breakfast, the child screamed at him from its cot, and his wife, still in bed, complained that she felt worse.

He telephoned for a doctor, and was told of an organization which specialized in solving such dilemmas as his. Thankfully, he dialled the number. Soon afterwards, Magdalen Egerton, an attractive, dark-haired girl with a trim figure, presented herself at the flat. With smooth efficiency she took charge of the household. The husband left for his office. Presently, the doctor arrived; at once he sent the mother to hospital. Left with the baby, Miss Egerton organized its day as if nothing had happened. She continued to run the household for the next twenty-four hours, until the father was able to make other arrangements.

Magda Egerton is partly a baby-sitter (a term which she and her employer dislike) and partly a roving nanny and nursemaid. She works for Proxy Parents, a London organization employing about 250 women who will assume temporarily the mother's rôle in any household at a moment's notice. Magda is one of the day and evening workers who offer their services for a minimum of two hours up to a maximum all-night sitting. Others, classed by Proxy Parents as temporary resident workers, live all over Britain and are available for any period up to six months. "We bring the services of a nanny and nursemaid to the people who can no longer afford them, and to a lot more people who never could," says Magda.

On an average day, about fifty proxy parents are on duty. Some clients hire them regularly; some use them only for emergencies and special occasions. One proxy parent looks after two children for three hours while their mother goes shopping three days a week. Another copes with six children once a week while the parents have an evening out.

One mother hired Magda Egerton to take her child for its visits to the anti-diphtheria clinic because she could not bear to see the injections. Another proxy parent took charge of a three-month baby while the family moved house.

Numerous temporary resident workers take over homes and children while their parents go on holiday. "Americans, Canadians and Australians frequently use the service," says Magda. "They seem more used to the idea."

An American Embassy official hired a proxy

Proxy parents must be tactful and have equable natures. Magda finds that most children settle down well. But there are exceptions—like the boy from the Lebanon who slept with his boots on

for five months while his wife went into hospital. Another American couple, who were touring Europe, made one of the oddest emergency calls Proxy Parents has ever received. From their hotel they rang to say that their year-old baby had just bitten two pieces out of a tumbler. A doctor had ordered the child to be kept under constant observation, but, since they were to catch a plane in a few hours, they were both too busy packing. A proxy parent quickly left for the hotel. Throughout the morning she anxiously sat by the baby's cot—but nothing happened. "Later," says Magda, "its parents wrote from the Continent thanking us, and adding that the two large pieces of glass had passed harmlessly through the baby's system."

Major Started The Scheme

At first primarily a baby-sitting organization, Proxy Parents has been operating for six years. A major with four children of his own started the service when he retired from the Indian Army. In 1950 he sold it to Agnes M. Turner, a motherly, middle-aged woman (Mrs. Billiter in private life), who was formerly in the civil service. "Figures," she says, "were not really my line."

Miss Turner employs the proxies on a time basis, calling them out according to their availability and their nearness to the job. Some proxies offer their services only in the mornings, others in the evenings; some are available only during the school terms, some during the holidays.

For day and evening workers, clients pay Proxy Parents 7s. for the first two hours and 2s. 6d. an hour afterwards. On public holidays and after midnight the hourly rate is doubled—"sometimes," says Magda, "I get home at 4 a.m." For temporary resident workers the charge is five guineas weekly. Clients also pay travelling expenses, a proportion of the National Insurance contribution and a yearly booking fee of 2s. 6d. or 5s. Magda says the amount of proxying she does each week varies, but one of her colleagues regularly puts in fifty or sixty hours; in one week she cared for thirty-five children, aged from a few months to fifteen years.

Miss Turner's standards of employment are flexible, though all the proxies must have had experience with children. Their ages range from twenty to sixty. Most of them are mothers, but they include actresses, trained nurses, university students, visitors from the Commonwealth combining the job of seeing Britain and the British.

"With all prospective proxies," says Miss Turner, "I take up references and have an interview at which I find their experience. I look for tactful women with equable natures. They will not be domestic workers—the proxies do not do heavy washing and scrubbing—they will be deputizing as mothers, and that is a job calling for intelligence and a sense of responsibility."

Twenty-five year old Magda Egerton has been a proxy parent since 1950. An actress and occasional artists' and advertising model, she began minding children in 1948, a year after she went on the stage. She acquired a number of private clients, for whom she still works; then, in 1950, to bolster her theatrical earnings and occupy periods of unemployment, she joined Proxy Parents on an introduction from another actress-proxy.

Two children for whom Magda is regularly a proxy parent are child film actors. Her sessions with them when they are filming call for versatility. Staying overnight at the house, she hears them rehearse their lines and gives the boy his daily tuition, apart from such routine jobs as giving them their supper, putting them to bed and seeing them off to the studio, well fed and wrapped up, at 6 a.m.

To keep "her" children happy, Magda may play with them in the house or take them out. "The other day I spent three hours on Waterloo Station with a boy. We were train-naming; it was great fun." A favourite haunt with the proxies is the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens: in her diligent efforts to please a child, one of Magda's colleagues fell in it.

"Children never mind what they get you to do," says Magda. "At one house I had to go out in the snow to make a snowman in the garden—while the children watched from the window. In the Festival Gardens, two of my children once asked me to try out the Big Dipper. I was terrified. Not content with my first impressions, they got me to go on again. Then, after all that, they decided it was not for them. Perhaps they did it on purpose."

Dashed Across The Road

Though she approaches her job with good humour, Magda realizes at the same time that she has no light responsibility. "I learned long ago that it never pays to take your eyes off a child; you can never be sure what he will do next." Recently, Magda took a small boy to watch the Horse Guards. At first, he was thrilled with the colour and the horses, but as orders were shouted the child became nervous and said he wanted to go.

"As we moved away, a policeman who had been standing nearby smiled down at the boy and asked why he wasn't staying. The boy looked terrified; he had some wrong ideas about policemen, and he thought this one was going to *make* him stay. In a flash, he slipped his hand out of mine and started to fly across the road. I went after him and just managed to pull him away from the wheels of a car."

Some time ago, another proxy parent took charge of a three-year-old boy while his mother went shopping. During the afternoon the woman went to the bathroom. Suddenly the door slammed and the key turned. The boy had locked her in. Almost at once he started to cry.

"As long as he kept crying," the proxy recalls, "I knew he was all right. It was when he stopped and wandered away that I got worried. I couldn't force the lock, and I couldn't attract attention through the window. Fortunately, he soon came back to the door and began yelling again. I was in there for an hour before his mother returned."

Boy Wanted Pretty Proxy

Magda Egerton finds that the children she cares for are rarely troublesome once the parents have left. Other proxy parents have the same experience. Exceptions include the precocious girl who tried to order the proxy about, saying "My mother pays you"; the brothers, aged four and six, who had recently returned from the Far East with their parents and abused everyone with terms like "You filthy scum"; and the boy from the Lebanon who insisted on going to bed with his boots on.

Proxy Parents also carry out escort duties, taking children to the doctor, the dentist, and to and from stations, airports and docks. As proxy daughters, they also act as companions for the old and sick, shopping for them, reading, preparing meals and doing light washing. One proxy escorts an old lady to the cinema once a week.

"Occasionally," Magda says, "the work gives rise to delicate situations. There was the little boy who agreed to stay with a proxy parent on condition that she was pretty—and he called at the office to look her over."

Some time ago, an American telephoned from his hotel for a proxy parent and asked: "Can you send a blonde?" Miss Turner, the proprietress, began to explain that her organization was of the highest integrity.

"Look, madam," the American said, "I don't want the blonde for myself. The baby *prefers* blondes." THE END

Garbett waited tensely for her reply. "I like you, Ron," she said gravely, "more than any man I've ever met. I don't want to make you unhappy"

Floating down, he remembered the man left in the plane. *My God*, he thought, *I've killed him*

DEATH OF A HERO

by F. E. KNIGHT

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES WOOD

Garbett loved Pauline; so did young Allanson. Now the time had come when one of them had got to die

IN SPITE OF what the obituaries said, Garbett was not a hero. Nor, come to that, was Allanson a coward. They were just ordinary men who came up against something too big for them to handle.

The newspapers said Garbett played the hero and let Allanson take the 'chute. But it was not quite so simple as that. There was, for instance, Pauline van Eyck's part in the story.

Garbett had been staff pilot to Aansrust Productions, Ltd., for several years before Allanson came along. As a matter of fact, Allanson was brought in because Garbett was showing signs of strain. South Africa is not easy flying country, what with heat and mountains and dust storms.

Unfortunately, Garbett took Allanson's advent the wrong way. He, Ron Garbett, the old warhorse, the man who had built up the flying side for the company, was being superseded by a youngster fresh from flying school. That was the way he saw it. The directors forgot to explain, or at least didn't make it sufficiently clear to Garbett that they had a top-line executive job waiting for him on the ground. And, ironically enough, the man who slipped up here was the firm's managing director, van Eyck, Pauline van Eyck's father.

Pauline was the other and more disastrous cause of trouble between Garbett and Allanson.

Garbett was the man Pauline van Eyck went around with when she first came to Aansrust. She was nineteen then, and had come there straight from convent school, a lovely, innocent child eager for life.

Aansrust, a little provincial town on the edge

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On a rooftop, Daniel Moloney tests an infra-red ray alarm. "Some burglars look for rays—and fall into our other traps," he says

One of Moloney's men fits a contact pad under a carpet. When a burglar steps on it, a message is secretly sent to the police

Mr. Moloney's ghost haunts the burglars

by DAL STIVENS

Wherever they step, whatever they touch, they may set off the silent alarms that bring the police on to their trail

ONE JANUARY NIGHT a few years ago, Daniel Moloney, chief engineer of a London burglar alarm firm, was chatting with the service engineer on duty. Suddenly the police rang to say that one of the automatic burglar alarms installed by the company in a factory in the East End of London had called 999.

When they reached the factory they were met by the police. "We were here within three minutes, but they must have heard us," said one of the Flying Squad men. "We've searched the whole place and there's no sign of them."

With two police officers, Moloney and the service engineer went up to the factory's main office. The engineer started on the routine check of the alarm before resetting it.

"It must have been a hunch, or perhaps I had unconsciously noted that something was wrong," recalls Moloney. "I walked over to a large steel drawer in a cabinet and pulled it out on its rollers. Coiled up inside was a burglar, who had climbed into the drawer when he heard the police and levered it shut by pulling on the back of the cabinet. He submitted quietly, and said he was alone. But the police tugged out all the drawers in sight and harvested two more burglars. I enjoyed hearing their complaints as they were hustled downstairs. They were certain someone had tipped off the police."

Trapped In Five Seconds

But the only informer was Daniel Moloney's secret equipment. At 8.6 p.m. the three burglars had broken into the factory. Within five seconds one of them had trodden on a pad hidden under the floor covering, and an electric circuit was completed. This set in motion clockwork which engaged a telephone line.

When the dialling tone came on the line, the clockwork dialled 999 and a tone-arm in a soundproof cabinet dropped and put a needle on a record which announced: "Police! Police! Burglars have broken into this factory," and gave the exact address.

"The automatic alarm is quite deadly—even uncanny," says Moloney with pride. "In the last ten years there have been 758 arrests on premises using our system. And these figures don't show the full haul. Many burglars are so sure that they have been betrayed that they 'squeal' to the police to get their own back."

The managing director of a big factory recently had first-hand proof of the effectiveness of the automatic alarm. On the first evening after the installation was completed he worked late and, after switching on the alarm, got out his car and set off for home. It was a cold night, and he realized after he had gone a few miles that he had left his gloves behind. He drove back, went upstairs and retrieved his gloves. As he came downstairs again he walked into the arms of three hefty policemen. It took him a long time to convince them that he was not a burglar.

Even a policeman was recently bagged by the automatic alarm. He was on his beat in a northern suburb and saw an open window in a factory. He climbed in to investigate, setting off a hidden detector trap in the floor and bringing a squad car racing to the scene.

Among the more notable hauls were seventeen thieves caught over the last two years trying to break into a kiosk in a London park. Three sets of burglars were caught on the same premises in one night. Altogether ninety were caught there in five years.

When burglars evade capture it is usually because they have posted a look-out to warn of the approach of patrol cars. The police are countering that by not driving right up to burgled premises. The squad men stop a little short and come up on foot.

The silent alarm system began to be used in Britain just before the war. Its inventor was E. R. Mountstephen, now a director of Moloney's firm. Moloney was then a radio engineer and was drawn to this new use for his talents.

He works an eighty-hour week, all over England. "He is never off duty," says a friend. "On a sightseeing visit to Keats's house at Hampstead, he was far less interested in what was in it than in how he would protect it. 'Now, if we put a grille in here, a pad under that carpet, traps on those two doors, and planted

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The hibernation of Gwendolen Fitzadam

by ***LAURENCE KIRK***

ILLUSTRATED BY FANCETT

Moles do it, voles do it, squirrels and badgers in their holes do it. But whoever heard of a girl sleeping the winter through?

IT WAS THE OLD STORY of square parents trying to fit their round children into their own square holes. The Fitzadams were crazy about horses: they rode horses, talked horses and took no interest in anything else.

It was bad luck on them that their only child Gwendolen did not share this mania, and the fact that she was a first-class rider only made matters worse.

Gwendolen liked horses well enough—not nearly as much as her hedgehog or her dormouse, but still well enough. If fox hunting had been a summer occupation she could probably have borne with it. It was really the winter and the cold winds she disliked. It made her nose red and gave her chilblains. I was the family doctor and I did my best to support Gwendolen.

The showdown came soon after her fourteenth birthday, but that merely widened the gulf between parents and child. Sir George Fitzadam pointed out to his daughter that riding—particularly riding to hounds—was the finest sport in the world, indulged in by all the best people, and Gwendolen replied that she thought it rather a nuisance, just like washing up.

That shook him to his foundations, and with a purple face he went on: "But dammit, girl, if it weren't for the huntin', what on earth would you do with yourself in the winter?"

"I should sit by the fire," Gwendolen said sweetly, "and read a good book."

The first meet of the season was on the Wednesday after this showdown. I was called to the Fitzadam mansion about four o'clock and arrived just as the unconscious Gwendolen was brought home on a stretcher.

I didn't know what kind of persuasion had been used to make her go to the meet; but, anyway, she had gone, jumped recklessly all day, and finally taken an imperial toss over an impossible fence.

She was still unconscious twenty-four hours later. There were no bones broken, and as far as I could see it was just a bad case of concussion. How bad I didn't know, but at that stage it looked more like tragedy than comedy ahead.

Both Sir George and Lady Fitzadam hovered around with strained, guilty faces.

Nothing really frightening happened till the second day. It was in the morning, and I had

"Dammit, who wants to marry only seven-twelfths of a wife!" he complained. "That settles it then," Gwendolen said icily, and began removing the ring

The gentle, regular breathing was interrupted. The doctors moved closer. There was a movement, the slightest movement. She had begun to stir

left her alone for only about ten minutes. When I came back I found that she had wriggled out of the bedclothes and was lying with the eiderdown wrapped round her like a cocoon. That proved that she must have been able to move. However, she was quite warm enough like that, and I didn't disturb her.

I found her wrist under the eiderdown and started a routine pulse-taking. Her pulse was always rather slow, and as first I didn't notice anything unusual. But then I realized that, though quite strong and steady, it was getting slower every minute. It was sixty-four the first minute, sixty the second and fifty-six the third. My alarm grew when I found her respiration was slowing down in exactly the same way; and when I took her temperature I was thrown into a state of complete panic. It was less than eighty-eight degrees F.

Frankly, I didn't know what to do. This was something I had never met before, and I immediately called for Sir George and advised him to send for Podger, the local brain specialist.

SIR GEORGE went off to the telephone, and I began checking again. This was more alarming than ever. Pulse, respiration, temperature were all fantastically low and still going down. I was afraid that she would be dead before any specialist arrived. But there was nothing I could do about it except get her unwrapped from the eiderdown and put back between the sheets again.

Lady Fitzadam was with me by this time, and there was an anxious interval while we just sat watching her. It was then that I noticed how extraordinarily pretty Gwendolen was looking, and that she didn't show the slightest sign of distress, in spite of the very odd things that were happening inside her.

Her temperature was now sixty-six, her pulse forty-two, and her mother was weeping hysterically into far too small a handkerchief. But Gwendolen still looked blissfully happy as she lay there.

It was while we were putting fresh hot-water bottles into the bed that I suddenly remembered her pets—the doormouse and the hedgehog. That gave me an idea, and I left Lady Fitzadam in charge, rushed down to the library and consulted the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. If that book was to be believed, I was perfectly correct in my surmise. Gwendolen was showing all the ordinary symptoms of a hibernating mammal.

The first thing I noticed when I returned was that Gwendolen had wriggled out from the hot-water bottles and was wearing the eiderdown as a cocoon again. Lady Fitzadam had no explanation for this. She had gone to the chest of drawers for a dry handkerchief and when she turned round Gwendolen was already wrapped up in the eiderdown.

Sir George came in from his telephoning at this moment, and I took the opportunity to try and reassure both of them.

"I've been checking up," I informed them, "and I don't believe it's so very serious after all. I think Gwendolen is just beginning to hibernate."

The parents gazed at each other.

"Beginning to *what*?" Sir George demanded.

"To hibernate. The temperature, pulse, respiration—it's all highly symptomatic."

Lady Fitzadam stopped weeping abruptly, stalked out of the room and started ringing up London for a string of Harley Street specialists.

The specialists had a lovely time during the next few months. I think we had fifteen of them altogether, and there wasn't the slightest necessity for a single one. Gwendolen had completed the change-over before the first of them arrived and lay there wrapped in her eiderdown, looking sweetly pretty, with a fantastically low pulse, respiration and temperature. There couldn't have been a more clear-cut case of hibernation.

But that didn't stop them. They came, argued, disagreed, invented new names for it and went away again to send in their accounts. The one thing they couldn't suggest was a cure; and that, of course, was the only thing Sir George and Lady Fitzadam were interested in.

THE date of the accident was November 11, and Gwendolen remained blissfully unconscious till April 4. She was no trouble at all. There was no quesion of artificial feeding or anything like that. All we had to do was to keep the room reasonably warm.

One of the fussier of the specialists had insisted on getting her back between the sheets again, but the moment she was left alone she once more had the eiderdown wrapped round her like a cocoon. How that was done I just don't know; but it seemed to prove that she knew more about hibernating than we did, and after that we didn't interfere any more.

It was an unusually poisonous winter that year with frost, snow, fuel shortages and power cuts. I often used to think of Gwendolen lying there so comfortably in her eiderdown. In fact, once or twice, when I was called out at night, in fog or over icy roads, I would willingly have wrung her neck for being so clever.

I rather think the same idea occurred more than once to her parents. But they were taking the line that it was a terrible tragedy that

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UNBROKEN (4) by *Lieutenant-Commander ALASTAIR MARS, D.S.O., D.S.C.*

We run the gauntlet to beleaguered Malta

The thought of the minefield gave us all the jitters. For fifteen hours we would grope blindly underwater, waiting in the clock-ticking silence for the blow that would send us to the bottom

AT 5 A.M. on June 12, 1942, we dived near Marittimo Island off the north-west coast of Sicily and proceeded to our station north of Cape St. Vito. We in the submarine Unbroken were all aware of the desperate need for our mission to succeed. This was not merely a case of trying to sink an enemy ship for the sake of an extra bar for our Jolly Roger: the fate of Malta and the Mediterranean—and thus, perhaps, the war—might well depend upon the arrival or non-arrival of the convoy from England, which we had been ordered to defend against an Italian cruiser squadron.

At this point the convoy would be nearing the Skerki Channel before passing between Cap Bon and Marittimo. As we had not been informed of its precise movements, or of the size and deployment of its escorting force, we did not know exactly when it would enter the Sicilian Channel. My calculations told me that for a period on June 15, between leaving their Gibraltar escorts and linking up with aircraft from Malta, the merchantmen would be nakedly alone, presenting the Italian cruisers with a perfect target.

I could only guess where this gap would occur, as the Staff at Gibraltar, for reasons best known to themselves, had kept us in ignorance of the overall plans for the operation. All the Unbroken could do was remain in position off Cape St. Vito until the enemy cruisers were sighted or reported.

Soon after we surfaced on the night of the thirteenth we received a signal from Safari, one of the three other submarines detailed to defend the convoy. She had sighted the cruiser force which had left Cagliari and was steaming in our direction. I read the signal and climbed to the bridge, grinning happily. A cruiser force—and all ours! I altered course to intercept.

Just before midnight, the submarine Unison sent me another enemy report, and by plotting the two I reckoned that the cruisers were heading for Marittimo. I adjusted my own course towards the island. Hopes ran high when the darkened lighthouses on the Sicilian coast started to flash, suggesting that the enemy was about to pass our way and needed the lights to aid navigation.

At one thirty we saw searchlights and bursting ack-ack fire over distant Trapani. Our aircraft from Malta were doing their stuff. As we peered into the moonless and starless night, straining to catch the slightest hint of throbbing engines

Cryer's machine was plotting mines all around us. At last, I could bear his maddening reports no longer. "Switch that blasted thing off!" I cried

ILLUSTRATION BY EDWARD OSMOND

On her first night in Malta after her hazardous journey, Unbroken was greeted by an air raid. Silhouetted in the light of flares and ack-ack fire, she lies moored in Valletta harbour

Enemy minefields blocking the approaches to Malta. "Going through them," writes Mars, "was like a man walking through lines of soldiers with a ladder on his shoulder and his eyes shut"

or crashing bow waves, the thrill of the situation captured our imaginations. At two o'clock, however, the wind was taken from our sails. In the wireless office Petty Officer Willey intercepted a reconnaissance aircraft's report to Malta—the cruisers were more than a hundred miles to the north-east of us and steaming east. Since leaving Cagliari they had made considerable alterations of course at speeds which put us right out of the picture with our surface maximum of less than twelve knots. It turned out that they had passed near enough to Unison for her to fire a salvo—a following long shot that had little chance and did, alas, miss.

We dived at dawn, we slept while we could, and kept a permanent watch at periscope depth. But the day passed uneventfully, and we surfaced at dusk wishing we had something more practical than prayers to offer for the convoy's safety. Soon after midnight we received a signal from Gib. The ever-alert aircraft from Malta had spotted the cruisers leaving Palermo three hours previously. Our hearts leaped at the news, for we were only seventy miles from the port and good fortune might bring the enemy our way.

The Bloodstained Sea

An hour later Cryer reported on the asdic: "Heavy H.E. bearing oh-seven-oh; distant; moving right." The cruisers, right enough. But they were ten miles off and legging it away from us. Once again we had been cheated of a target. Bitter at our inability to do more than limp slowly after the rapidly disappearing cruisers, we pressed forward as best we could.

We dived at dawn, and at eleven o'clock we heard it—the crashing of bombs and the bursting of shells as the cruisers, backed by aircraft, began their attack upon the convoy. We did not realize it then, but all twelve merchantmen were sent to the bottom. For seven hours we heard the sound of the attack, and through the periscope we saw the black smoke hanging over the horizon about fifty miles to the south. Malta's hopes, and the hopes of the Allies, were fading fast beneath that brilliant sky. In the morning a convoy had been sailing to relieve beleaguered Malta. As dusk gathered, only a pathetic handful of wreckage floated on the oily and bloodstained sea.

That evening we sighted the foretops and mainmasts of two of the cruisers as they returned from their victory, but they were ten miles off and inside Marittimo. Again they had dodged us. Two months were to pass before we finally caught up with them. . . .

I was upset at my inability to plot the enemy's movements, which had caused me to lose a fine target. As I commented in my patrol report: "It is to be noted that in my attempt to appreciate the course of action of this enemy cruiser force, I was seriously handicapped by my complete lack of information regarding the positions and movements of our own convoy and naval forces. I submit such information should be supplied in future, as it is disheartening to feel the enemy probably has more knowledge of this subject than oneself."

The admiral at Gibraltar agreed with this sentiment.

Sudden Alarm At Dawn

On the morning of June 17, awaiting further orders from Gibraltar, we dived at 4.30 and I decided to grab a few hours' sleep. I had not been asleep for long when I was awakened by the familiar: "Captain in the control-room!"

I found myself there half asleep. I noticed we were below periscope depth and still diving. Thirsk, the officer of the watch, explained. "A Cant seaplane, sir, searching the area. Dawn patrol, perhaps. I'm going down to seventy feet. She's some way to starboard at the moment, but she's been milling around all over the place."

The mention of the Cant soon woke me up. Designed for anti-submarine work, and with

Leading Telegraphists Johnny Crutch (left) and "Jan" Cryer, D.S.M., are fitted with socks knitted for Unbroken's crew by the women of Amersham. The small Buckinghamshire market town had "adopted" the crew while they were fighting in the Mediterranean, and entertained them on their return in 1943

such a low speed that they could almost hover like helicopters, they were a flaming nuisance. I gave this one a quarter of an hour in which to clear off, then crept back to periscope depth. (The art of such a manoeuvre is to glide gently upwards using no extra speed, in order to avoid disturbing the even pattern of the smooth sea. Then, if your tormentor is still around, you can slip down again before he spots you.)

At forty feet I raised the attack periscope. There was always a fascination about peering through a periscope, even for the thousandth time. At first you see nothing but the clear blue water thirty feet above your head. As you rise, the light broadens until, with a crystal flash, the periscope bursts through the surface and you are gazing at the world above the sea.

Headed Straight For Mine

On this occasion, however, the romance was shattered, for as the periscope broke surface I found myself looking straight at a very large, very horny and very rusty mine! It floated high on the surface only fifty yards from my eye—and we were heading straight for it. No, not quite straight. The thing would pass down our port side—but only just.

I swallowed, but said nothing. There was, indeed, nothing to say or do. The mine was so close to us that any disturbance might detonate it. I hoped it was a simple contact mine and not acoustic or magnetic as well. It was not barnacled and had therefore been laid fairly recently, and although its top was wet, the sea was not splashing over it, suggesting it had only just broken from its mooring. I thanked God it had not freed itself a minute later. . . .

As though hypnotized, I watched the brute as it receded past the port beam. I switched the periscope to the sky. The Cant had gone. I sighted back on to the mine and beckoned to Thirsk. "If you want a whiff of reality," I said, "take a peek at that."

He did so and gave an odd smile.

With a wave of my hand I returned to the wardroom. Three hours later Gibraltar came through by wireless and ordered our immediate return.

There were few smiling faces awaiting us at Gib. God knows they had little about which to smile. Twelve of our best and fastest supply ships and tankers had been wiped out, and although a handful of fighters had got through —flown from the escort carrier before she turned back to Gib—they were useless without fuel. The transport submarine Clyde was their only source of supply.

Malta was really in a bad way. The ships of Force K—the destroyers and cruisers based on Malta which had inflicted such magnificent damage on the enemy in late 1941—had been sunk or disbanded. Its last cruiser, Penelope—"The Pepper Pot"—had struggled into Gib badly damaged long since. Nonetheless, Malta fought on. Apart from everything else, she had diverted a thousand German bombers from the Russian front at a time when the Luftwaffe needed them at Stalingrad. But now, at the end of June, 1942, it looked as though the island had shot her last bolt. Rommel was romping towards Alexandria with the most highly mechanized army in the world. While his supply lines were measured in hundreds of miles, those of the Eighth Army in North Africa stretched for thirteen thousand.

"We Must Get To Malta!"

This, and more, was explained by Captain Voelcker at a conference aboard the Maidstone. The commanding officers of the other submarines at Gib were present, including a new arrival—Tom Barlow, skipper of the United.

"We *must* get to Malta," Captain Voelcker said. "The only way to save the Eighth Army and give them time to build for a counter-attack is to cut off Rommel's supplies. There is no way of achieving this save by operating from Malta. There are two obstacles: getting there through the minefields, and the sound chance of being bombed to hell on arrival. Overcoming the first obstacle depends upon good fortune. The second can be overcome by spending the days submerged on the bottom of Valletta harbour and surfacing only at night. Unpleasant, but expedient." He broke off and surveyed the gathering. "Mars."

I jumped. "Sir?"

"I've decided that you will have the privilege of leading the new 10th Flotilla back to Malta. It won't be easy getting there and it won't be a picnic when you arrive. But I feel you can cope. Later you will be followed by the Unison and United."

There was nothing to say but "Thank you."

Tricky Undersea Currents

The Unbroken was docked for a quick scrape and paint, and the Maidstone's technicians gave us a thorough overhaul. Meanwhile, I spent a great deal of time with David Ingram, who had made many trips to Malta through the minefields with the Clyde. There was no such thing as following her route, for her track varied with each journey. Underwater navigation is a tricky business. You cannot keep to a set, marked course as though you were driving a car along Piccadilly. To keep to within only a mile of your prescribed route while submerged and blind is not as irresponsible as it sounds, for your slow cigar of a submarine is greatly at the mercy of unknown underwater currents and tides. In any case, even if one could keep to a few yards of a former route, a deviation of inches might involve hitting a mine. So, despite Ingram's experience and valuable advice, I was going to be very much on my own.

There was no doubt concerning the density of the minefields, for the Germans and Italians had used E-boats, aircraft and U-boats to mine every possible approach to Malta. The island was a night's jaunt from Augusta in Sicily, and as the enemy believed you could not mine a section of sea too heavily, hardly a night passed without new ones being laid. In certain waters it is possible to sail beneath a minefield, but the approaches to Malta, and to Valletta in particular, were too shallow to permit such a simple way out of the problem.

Clyde had run her supplies to a point on the island's south coast, and the particular hazards of Valletta were unknown. The last submarine to sail from there was the Olympus, commanded by Lieutenant-Commander H. G. Dymott. She was bringing from Malta the commanders and crews of the P.36 and P.38, both of which had been sunk by bombing, and she had struck a mine

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Patient Irishman who trained the Queen's Derby hope

by ROBERT JACKSON

Cecil Boyd-Rochfort was born almost with his foot in a silver stirrup. His judgment is uncanny—and he never keeps a failure

AN UNGAINLY ANIMAL shied nervously round the sawdust-covered selling ring at Newmarket one cold October day in 1927 as the auctioneer intoned: "A filly, Double Life." Though she traced her ancestry back to the renowned Isonomy, founder of a great classical line of racehorses, she aroused little interest.

Bidding started at a hundred guineas and went up slowly to a moderate six hundred. A tall, familiar figure in a sheepskin coat gave an almost imperceptible nod. "Sold to Captain Boyd-Rochfort," said the auctioneer briskly, glad to get even that low price.

That night, Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, now trainer to the Queen, three times winner of the St. Leger and Cesarewitch, and twice winner of the Thousand Guineas and the Ascot Gold Cup, telephoned Sir Harold Wernher, the wealthy diamond merchant. "You now own the winner of next year's Cambridgeshire," he said, "and, when she's finished racing, a splendid brood mare."

When they heard of his prophecy, the other trainers, and even his own stable staff, thought that the famous trainer was wrong this time.

Sir Harold Wernher gave the horse to his wife, Lady Zia. "Two years later," says Sir Harold, "Double Life won three races before she fulfilled Boyd-Rochfort's first prophecy and won the Cambridgeshire. Six thousand pounds in prize money in one season was not a bad start."

But Boyd-Rochfort saw even bigger things ahead as he began to give thought to Double Life's career as a brood mare. In Newmarket, his photographic memory for horses and their pedigrees is famous. "Send her to a stallion named Hurry On," he advised Sir Harold. "You'll very likely find yourself with an Ascot Gold Cup winner, and maybe a sire to keep the line going as well."

The first foal Double Life had was a failure, and it seemed that Boyd-Rochfort had made one of his few miscalculations in breeding. But, in 1933, the mare foaled an outstanding colt named Precipitation, which not only won the Gold Cup but, in retirement, sired winners of

At his Newmarket stables, Boyd-Rochfort takes a walk with his wife and three sons.

the Derby, the Oaks and two St. Legers. "He was the leading sire in 1951," proudly recalls the Royal trainer, now burly and double-chinned. "His offspring included Supreme Court, winner of the £20,000 Festival of Britain Stakes."

Cecil Boyd-Rochfort was born almost with his foot in a silver stirrup. His father was a wealthy landowner, with plenty of horses on his large Irish estate. The three Boyd-Rochfort boys had their own ponies as soon as they could ride. As a boy, Cecil's favourite books were about the Turf. During holidays he and his brothers used to pass wet days with a novel game. They would mate, in theory, well-known sires and dams. Then they would forecast whether the progeny would be likely to win sprints, middle-distance or long-distance races, and ask their father to be judge. Cecil usually won. His mother confided to a friend: "I'm not worried about Cecil's future. With his memory and way with horses, he'll make a fortune."

Chance That He Seized

He began to learn the art of training with the great "Atty" Persse, one of Britain's oldest trainers, who at eighty-three still regularly turns out winners. At Ascot, a year or two before the first World War, the millionaire owner Sir Ernest Cassell was introduced to the good-looking Irishman, whose only conversation was horses. Over a drink, Sir Ernest said: "I'm looking for a new racing manager. Like the job?" Boyd-Rochfort delightedly took it on.

Cassel's death and the war ended that job. When Boyd-Rochfort was demobilized, he saw his future as an independent trainer. His first patron was one of his Eton friends, Marshall Field, the American store millionaire. Field remembered Boyd-Rochfort's uncanny judgment of horses; as the Newmarket sales drew near he sent a cable: BUY ME A GOOD YEARLING.

Boyd-Rochfort's choice was a horse called Golden Corn, which was beaten only once as a two-year-old.

More depended on that buy than Boyd-Rochfort knew. At the end of the next season, he went to America to visit Field and, while there, met William Woodward, chairman of the New York Jockey Club, who liked the Irishman and decided to trust him as his trainer.

The Irishman's clipped, Eton-and-Guards manner of speaking—like his V.C. brother

Aureole in a training canter. Once he nearly kicked the Queen, but he has quietened down now

He keeps nine horses for the Queen, who is always consulted about the races in which they will run

The Queen often went racing with her father, seen here with Boyd-Rochfort and the Queen Mother. Behind the Queen and Princess Margaret are Prince Philip and the Duke of Gloucester

Arthur, he served with the Scots Guards in the war—caused raised eyebrows as he stooped to enter the stables of Kentucky's blue grass country, but his judgment of a thoroughbred earned respect. "Looks like an English dude—but is a regular guy and a great horse trainer," was one American reporter's description of him.

Since then, he has trained more American-owned horses than any other trainer in Britain. The Americans give him *carte blanche* to buy at the Newmarket sales, and rely on his judgment for entering them in races. "Money is no object to most American owners," says Boyd-Rochfort. "All they want is a good horse to win big races. They don't count the cost."

The King Was Perturbed

But Royal owners watch their expenditure on racing more carefully. King George VI, for whom Boyd-Rochfort trained from 1943 on, took his racing seriously. For the first three years he lost £20,000 each year. One day, Boyd-Rochfort and Captain Charles Moore, the King's racing manager, received an urgent summons to Sandringham. "This has got to stop," the King ordered. "I can't afford to go on losing money like this."

As usual, Boyd-Rochfort did not conceal his pessimism; he hunched his large shoulders and urged patience. But he did stop the losses. "I won fifty-eight races for the King," he says. "Two of the most important were the Thousand Guineas and the Cesarewitch. One year, the King won more than £8,000 in prize money."

Queen Elizabeth, whose interest in racing is almost as great as that of her great-grandfather, Edward VII, has her own nine horses at Freemason Lodge, Boyd-Rochfort's stables at Newmarket. They include Aureole, a handsome chestnut-coloured colt bred at the Royal Stud, on whom royal hopes rest for this year's Derby. The Queen's other horses, leased from the National Stud, run in the royal colours but are trained by Noel Murless.

As a two-year-old, Aureole was bad-tempered and often tried to savage stable lads. When the Queen went to Freemason Lodge last autumn, she walked up to pat Aureole. The horse bucked and kicked. "Look out, Your Majesty!" shouted a member of the party, screening the Queen, as the horse was controlled and led away.

"Aureole has quietened down now," says his jockey, Harry Carr. "He's a changed horse, easy to train." Boyd-Rochfort's great patience with horses has proved successful once more.

The Queen, like her father, insists on being consulted about the races in which her horses run. "The late King was always interested in how his horses fared," says Boyd-Rochfort. "If it was a horse which had been bred in the Royal Stud, His Majesty was always available on the telephone when racing was over. He wanted a detailed report on running, and the reasons why the horse had won or lost."

Before her father died, the Queen's interest was in steeplechasing, rather than in the flat. But one day the Aga Khan, meeting the Princess soon after her engagement to Prince Philip, said: "I've thought of an unusual wedding present for you, Ma'am—a filly named Astrakhan. I have great hopes she'll win you a lot of races."

To the Aga Khan's chagrin, he picked badly for his royal wedding present. When the filly arrived at Freemason Lodge, Boyd-Rochfort shook his head. After a time, his doubts were spoken aloud; the filly was not top-class. Although Astrakhan did win one race, Boyd-Rochfort's ruthless policy of training only the best was put into action at the end of the season. "Get rid of Astrakhan," he advised the Queen.

Nursing His Horses Along

Boyd-Rochfort's wealthy owners like his policy of weeding out horses that are not likely to win. Usually, he has about fifty horses in his stables, but his string would be much larger if standards were lowered at Freemason Lodge.

By the end of last season, he had trained 501 winning horses and won £810,650 5s. 6d. in prize money; the odd silver comes from stakes divided in dead heats. His cut is believed to be between £4,000 and £5,000 a year.

Boyd-Rochfort's reputation among racing men is as a trainer of stayers rather than sprinters, and he goes to endless trouble to nurse his horses along. One of his principles is never to run a horse until it reaches its peak of condition.

He is as imperturbable in moments of triumph as in defeat. One of his greatest successes was in the 1946 Oaks but, though he showed nothing, he had a great fright before the starter's flag went up. He had trained the Sandringham-bred Hypericum for the King, and the filly sweated a good deal as she cantered down to the gate.

"She was a temperamental filly," recalls Boyd-Rochfort. "I watched anxiously through my glasses all the time the fillies were assembling. Then I saw her prance and rear. Off came Douglas Smith, the jockey, and Hypericum bolted under the tapes at a full gallop towards the stands. I put my glasses down. That seemed the end of the race for me—before it even began. When I put them back again, the filly had been caught and taken back with the others."

Douglas Smith remounted and, with a heavy heart, Boyd-Rochfort saw the tapes go up. Amazingly, Hypericum managed to draw ahead, finally pipping Gordon Richards's mount on the post by a short head.

Just Missed A Derby Win

The Royal trainer has never won a Derby, but he came near to success in 1950 with the brilliant American-bred colt Prince Simon. He followed his usual policy of patiently maturing his horses, and the colt was not hurried.

In the Two Thousand Guineas, after Prince Simon and a colt named Palestine had glided easily well clear of the field, the Prince was beaten by a short head. And, in the Derby at Epsom, Boyd-Rochfort watched, a slight smile on his handsome face, as Harry Carr, the stable jockey, fought an exhausting duel with Galcador all the way along the straight from Tattenham corner.

"Yes, I was beaten on the post, and I'm still trying to forget the race," says Carr. "Prince Simon was reckoned the best horse in England, and I knew the Captain was hoping to win. The result must have been a terrific disappointment to him, but he never showed it. All he said as we unsaddled was 'Hard luck, Harry.'"

When Boyd-Rochfort was an eager young man close on forty years ago, he trained a horse placed second in the Derby—Hapsburg. His hair was white when, in 1951, horses trained at Freemason Lodge came in second and third. Looking ahead to this year's Coronation Derby, when a win for the Queens' horse Aureole would be popular even with those who do not back it, he is sanguine.

"I'm only sixty-five," he says. "I've plenty of time in which to win a Derby." THE END

DEATH OF A HERO

Continued from page 13

of the desert, had little enough to offer her. The men there weren't exactly glamorous, being mostly middle-aged, much-married and as dry as the desert itself. Compared with the others, Garbett must have seemed fairly tolerable. He was thirty, not excitingly handsome—he was on the short, stocky side, and over-dark—but not repulsive. Pauline's immediate object was to enjoy herself, and to do that she had to have a man to take her around. Garbett more or less filled the bill. He was eligible, had the money and was willing to oblige. That is how it was.

That, at least, is how it was on Pauline's side. Garbett was different. He took everything too seriously. He took Pauline too seriously. She realized that one purple, starry night after a dance when Garbett stopped his car out on the veld and proposed to her.

She was still only a child. She remembered that, if he had forgotten. He sat tensely, waiting for her reply.

"Oh, Ron," she said, looking up at him, her face grave and sweet, like a child's. "I—I like you, more than any man I've ever met. But, you see, I've met so few. I don't want to make you unhappy. I don't want to be unhappy myself. And I can't be sure—yet. Please give me a chance. I want time to grow up. I want to *live*, Ron."

If Garbett had possessed a sense of humour he would have laughed and promised her a year or two of freedom, then kissed her nicely and taken her home. Instead, he let his overstrained nerves take charge, made a feverish pass at her and frightened her badly.

And then came Allanson.

Allanson was every schoolgirl's dream pilot. He was big and fair and extremely good looking, a blond Apollo. He was young, with a lot of boyish charm, and he swept Pauline off her feet. For his part, Allanson would have crawled from Aansrust to Cape Town on all fours to make her happy.

PAULINE was carried away, but she still held to what she had told Garbett. She still wanted time to live. When she turned from Garbett to Allanson, she was merely changing dancing partners.

Allanson didn't know that. Nor did Garbett. Allanson didn't even know that he had taken Garbett's place, let alone that Garbett had asked Pauline to marry him. And he couldn't for the life of him understand why he didn't get on better with him.

The youngster had come on a month's probation. During that time he was to fly dual with Garbett, with odd trips solo to get his hand in.

Garbett did his best to chase Allanson out of Aansrust by wearing him down. He criticized his flying. He insinuated in a hundred nasty ways that the youngster wasn't fit to fly solo.

Allanson took it all without complaint; but he worried—perhaps more than he knew. He could not understand. He admired Garbett, wanted Garbett to like him. . . .

It was an insidious business, and it began to break Allanson down. The more he worried, the worse he flew. Before long Garbett no longer had to invent faults to criticize. There were plenty of real ones.

That, roughly, is how matters stood the night they set out to fly back from Cape Town on that last trip—both men a jumping mass of nerves and almost at each other's throats.

There was ten-tenths cloud, and they were flying above it. That was Garbett's doing. The weather man at Cape Town had warned him, and Garbett had taken no notice.

The plane's radio was out of order, and Garbett had got a good deal of satisfaction out of blaming Allanson for that. Allanson should have checked it before leaving Cape Town. And Allanson was navigating, which meant, Garbett was careful to make plain, that they couldn't be at all sure where they were.

"We'll fly north," he said. "There's bound to be a break soon."

"Wouldn't it be better to head for the coast?" Allanson suggested. "We could get down over the sea."

Garbett's mouth tightened with irritation. He didn't answer. He knew what Allanson had suggested was the right, the sensible thing to do. But an insolent young pup like that wasn't going to tell him his job.

For a long time they flew steadily, stubbornly north, until Garbett began to be worried about fuel. Then his eyes gleamed with triumph. There was a break ahead. He prepared to put the plane down through it. But his triumph was short-lived. It ended abruptly when he flicked the switches of the petrol gauges.

"Empty?" he said. He didn't seem to understand.

Allanson's head jerked round. He stared first at Garbett and then at the gauges. Both men sat stunned. They were far out over the mountains. It was savage terrain. There wasn't a hope of putting the plane down.

There was a terrible, suspended moment. Then Garbett came to with a jerk.

"Bale out!" he yelled. "Stand by to bale out!"

It wasn't like Garbett to shout. Normally he was pretty tight-lipped, even in that kind of emergency. It just showed what his nerves were like.

Allanson was in no state, either, to keep calm. With a sudden convulsive movement, he reached up and grabbed for his parachute in the rack above him—and grabbed the rip-cord instead of the carrying strap. Next moment he was struggling beneath a river of cascading silk.

IT was seconds before the full impact of what had happened struck home. Garbett, staring in horror, was the first to be hit by it—and to realize what it meant to him. This was his death-warrant. He was senior pilot, captain of the aircraft. By all the traditions he must give up his own parachute, his only hope of life; and give it up to Allanson of all people, to a man he despised and loathed. . . .

Suddenly Garbett let loose. "You fool!" he shouted. "You damned, stupid fool! You——" He spluttered helplessly with rage, and then a torrent of abuse came pouring out of him. All the things he had been bottling up about Allanson came out in the sudden, blinding mist of anger. And then, abruptly, he stopped short, his head a little on one side, staring queerly at his appalled navigator. He said quietly: "Why should I? Why the hell should I? For *you?*"

Slowly, with a sort of detached calm, he reached for his parachute.

"You won't have her," he said. He was muttering to himself now. "You won't have her."

Allanson was staring uncomprehendingly at Garbett.

"She's mine, you know," Garbett was saying in that strange, mad tone. "She's always been mine, in every way! I made sure of that long before you started crawling round her."

It was then that Allanson suddenly came alive. He saw the billowing silk, the fuel gauges registering empty, the altimeter showing decreasing height as the revs began to fall. He saw the blackness of the night. He heard the engines begin to splutter, and saw in his mind's eye the jagged mountain peaks far below. But these things were only a whirling, mad kaleidoscope, with Garbett's face at the centre, Garbett calmly and madly saying fantastic things about Pauline. The situation was suddenly more than Allanson could bear. Garbett had to be stopped.

Allanson hit him, hit him hard between his dark, glittering eyes. Garbett went down with a crash. His head struck the throttle gate. Blood began to trickle over his face.

At the same moment the engines stopped. The plane stalled.

Allanson stooped swiftly, unbuckled the parachute pack from Garbett's harness and hooked it on his own. He pushed open the emergency hatch, climbed out and jumped.

It was only when he was swaying down through the lonely dark that Allanson was able to think lucidly again. His first thought was that he was safe—so far, at any rate.

His next thought was: *My God, I've killed Garbett.*

For a moment or two he felt sick with horror. Then, his brain ice-cold, he began to try to reason the thing out, desperate to justify himself. He kept telling himself he had nothing to reproach himself with. Garbett's place had been to stay with the plane. . . .

It was inconceivable that Garbett had meant to jump. He would have been branded for life as a captain who had abandoned his crew to save his own skin. How everyone, how Pauline, would have despised him——

Pauline! Allanson thought. *Garbett and Pauline.* As he swayed from his parachute, in the cold, clear air, the idea seemed more than ever fantastic.

A little later, he landed in the foothills of the mountains. He tramped ten miles to a farm, and got a car to take him back to Aansrust.

The ride was wonderful. Allanson was calm, at peace. He was prepared to be generous about Garbett. He would keep quiet about the hysterical scene in the plane. Garbett by now was dead. Let him lie in peace—a hero.

It was easy enough. The story Allanson told went out over the wires in time for the morning newspapers. Cape Province rang with Garbett's name. The rest of Africa echoed it.

The aeroplane was found five miles from where Allanson had landed. It was smashed almost out of recognition. So was Garbett. Aansrust Productions, Ltd., at once made arrangements to bury him handsomely, and unanimously voted him a plaque in their boardroom, the plaque to bear the words: *He Gave His Life For His Friend.*

For two days, an obscure embarrassment that he could not explain kept Allanson from seeing Pauline. When, at the funeral, they met briefly, she was very quiet and withdrawn.

It was not until three days after the funeral that he saw her alone. The previous day, he had tried twice, and found her out the first time and indisposed the second.

He got through his work quickly in the morning and after lunch called again at the house. He arrived just as Pauline was leaving to go out. They met on the steps of the house, a sudden and unexpected encounter.

Allanson reached out and took Pauline by the arm. He was afraid she was going to walk past him.

"Pauline—darling—I've got to see you. I've got to talk to you."

SHE looked at him as though he were a stranger. Then she said, "All right," and, turning, led the way into the lounge. In the big, sunny room she turned and faced him. She was calm and composed.

Now that it had come to it, Allanson didn't know what to say.

"Pauline—" he said, and his voice seemed to stick in his throat. "Were you ever in love with Garbett?"

She turned to face him again then, and her eyes were shining.

"He was wonderful!" she exclaimed.

She spoke passionately, but it was a schoolgirl's passion, and in one cruel moment of insight Allanson saw exactly what the score was. Pauline was still a child, a romantic child. And Garbett—whatever he had been to her alive—was now, dead, her hero, her shining knight.

Allanson, by her same schoolgirl rules, was only to be despised. He had sinned against her code, sinned past forgiveness. In an heroic situation he had not behaved heroically.

It was in that moment, abruptly, that Allanson fell out of love with her. He was so shaken by the sudden change in his own feeling that he could do nothing but stare at her.

Just then, her father came into the room. He paused, muttered: "Sorry, didn't know . . ." and turned to leave. But Pauline called him back.

"Don't go, Daddy," she said. "Mr. Allanson is just leaving."

Allanson stood up, and some of the shock and bewilderment he was feeling must have shown.

Van Eyck patted his shoulder. "Terrible thing," he said. "Terrible thing. Let's hope you'll forget it soon, my boy. Of course, there's some things one can't forget. . . ."

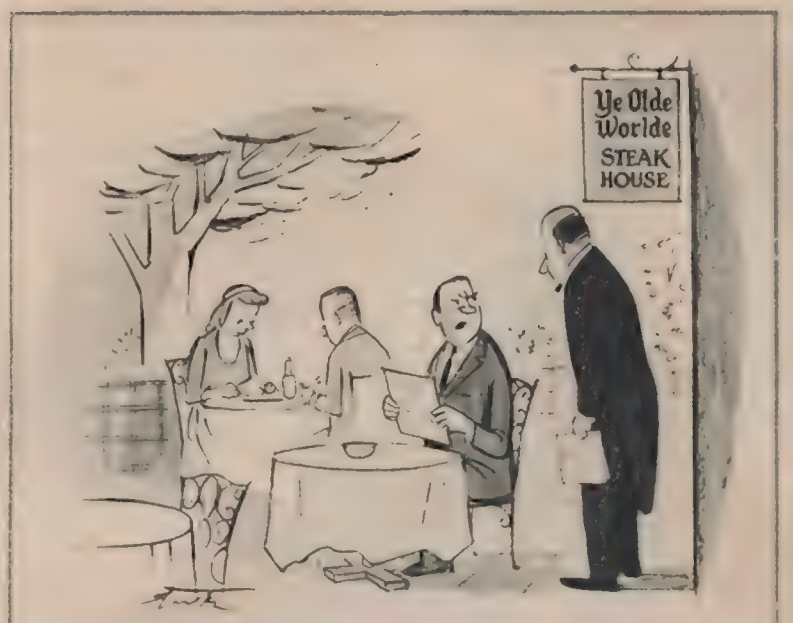
"Yes," Allanson said.

"He was a proper man," van Eyck went on heavily.

"Yes," Allanson said again, and suddenly he wanted to laugh, to cry aloud the terrible joke—that to van Eyck, to a world full of credulous fools, a man earned respect by dying; and that to Pauline, a dead hero was better than a live lover.

But he kept his eyes downcast, and his sigh of relief that he had learned these things in time might easily have been a sigh of respectful emotion.

"It was the death of a hero," he said simply. THE END



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IN THE WET

Continued from page 10

her holding him down upon the bed with both hands on his shoulders. Liang must have been somewhere in the background watching, because he came forward softly and helped her, and together they fought with Stevie till the spasm passed. I felt ashamed that I was not helping her myself, and that I had given in to my weakness, and I got to my feet, holding on to the table.

"Can I do anything?" I asked stupidly.

The patient was quiet again now, for the moment and until the next spasm. She turned to me, and she was sweating with her exertions, and a wisp of her damp hair had fallen down over her eyes.

She brushed the hair back from her eyes. "Come out on the veranda."

We went out of the room, and the moon was still fitfully lighting up the clearing and the forest, and the animals were still there watching us. She turned to me, and said in a low tone, "I know you're feverish. Can you understand what I'm saying, Mr. Hargreaves?"

"Of course," I said. "I understand you perfectly."

She nodded. "I don't think he's got a chance," she said quietly. She glanced at her wrist watch. "It's an hour and ten minutes since he came to, and he's much weaker now than he was then. I think he'll die before morning, Mr. Hargreaves. He's having a great deal of pain."

"I know," I said. "I can see that."

"I think our job now is to make things easy for him," she said quietly. "I don't think it would hurt him to have a few pipes of that opium stuff. I don't think it will make any difference, now." She looked up at me. "Would you think that very terrible?"

I shook my head. "No. I should think it was the kindest thing that you could do."

"It's very unprofessional," she muttered. "I don't know. . . . If he were quieter, it might conserve his strength. . . ."

I said, "I should let him have it."

She nodded gravely. I hesitated, and then I said, "If I may, I should like to sit and talk to him a little, while he's going off."

In the room, the kerosene in the lamp had come to an end, and there was now only a small flickering blue flame above the wick.

"Never mind," I said. "There's a candle somewhere."

I called to Liang and explained to him and he went back into the other room, and returned with about an inch of candle burning in a saucer.

"Is that all there is?" I asked.

He nodded.

I turned to the sister. "We'll be in darkness before morning, I'm afraid. That candle won't last long, and this torch is very dim."

She laughed shortly. "It's just one thing after another tonight, Mr. Hargreaves. It doesn't matter much, after he's gone to sleep. We'll have to keep watch over him, but when he's dropped off we'd better put the lights out, so as to have them if we need them later on. He may come to again."

"I should think that's the best thing to do," I said.

She turned to Liang. "Give him a pipe now, if he wants it."

He took the torch from me, and padded off into the next room. He came back presently with the long metal pipe and the spirit lamp and the brown stuff in the saucer that we had seen upon the chair beside the bed as we came in. He put them down upon the chair again, and drew the chair up to the bed.

Sister Finlay said, "Liang's got a pipe for you, if you want it, Stevie. You can have one now."

He did not speak, but lying on his back he made an effort to roll over on to his left side, towards the room. He seemed to be incapable of moving the lower part of his body; Liang moved forward and with Sister Finlay helping him, arranged the old man's limbs in a comfortable and reclining position on his side. Then Liang lit the spirit stove upon the chair, and took a sort of skewer and dipped it in the brown substance, and picked up a morsel about the size of a pea, and began to toast it in the blue flame while it burned and sizzled. Then he transferred it carefully to the tiny bowl of the metal pipe, put the bowl to the flame, and drew in slowly to get the morsel glowing; he exhaled at once. Then he gave the pipe to Stevie.

The old man took it, and put it into his mouth; he inhaled deeply, held it for a few moments, and exhaled it from his nose; the smoke was acrid and unpleasant. He did this four or five times, and it appeared to give him almost instantaneous relief, because within a minute or two he was lying more relaxed, and the strained lines of pain were smoothing on his face. The pipe was apparently finished with those few inhalations, because he handed it back to Liang.

"Another?" asked the Chinaman.

The old man nodded, and Liang set about preparing another pipe.

I SAT down on the edge of the bed. "Stevie," I said. "You'll go off to sleep after you've had these pipes, and while you're asleep we're going to take you into hospital for an operation. I think it's going to be successful, and you'll be strong and well again, but there's a risk in every operation. I've got to die some time, and so has Liang here, and Sister Finlay; we've all got to face it when the time comes. "You've got to face it

LIFE WITH FATHER

ONE year my father came to see me run in our school sports. I had won three events and needing another first to secure the coveted *Victor Ludorum*, I threw my last reserves of energy into the quarter-mile. And I just managed to win, before fainting dramatically at the post.

I was carried off; brandy was administered. As I was coming round, Father walked up, looked me over impassively, and removed the pipe from his mouth to speak. "He'll be all right," he said, and went off.

That was typical of Father: not that he was unconcerned, but he was undemonstrative. People thought him serious-minded, until they became victims of his practical jokes.

In the Players' Room at the Oval, many an unsuspecting cricketer, reading a newspaper, has suddenly found it a sheet of flame. Another trick of his was to borrow a pair of field-glasses and allow them to fall on return to the owner, but with the strap firmly secured to Father's finger.

As a family, we played a variety of games at home, and Father would have to be watched all the time. If he was not trying to deal from a rigged pack of cards, he would be introducing a golf ball unexpectedly into a table tennis rally, or quietly removing a croquet ball to an awkward "lie," or even into a flower-bed.

My brothers and I were encouraged to bring home our friends, and frequently the evenings developed into a sing-song, with Father pedalling away at his pianola, a budgerigar perched on his shoulder, and a dog at his feet.

Ours had perforce to be a home life with Father. He could not take us to the park or the common without being recognized and pestered for autographs. For the same reason, a family seaside holiday was out of the question.

I was childishly proud of the attentions of the autograph hunters, but the reflected glory that I basked in at school was not without its drawbacks. Each boy had a "journal" which had to be signed weekly by his parent.

One day, my desk was raided and all Father's signatures were cut out, and nothing would convince my form-master that I was not selling them to my friends.

On another occasion, during a house cricket match, a photographer ran up on to the pitch and took a picture of me. This appeared in the press with the inevitable "Following in his father's footsteps" caption. But it brought a summons from the headmaster, with a severe reprimand for my having allowed it.

Father encouraged my brothers and me in all our games, but gave us no coaching; unless it was asked for, he seldom even offered cricketing advice. He held the view that natural ability will out, and that the best way to improve is by watching star performers.

Tidiness was one of the points Father insisted upon. His cricket shirts and trousers had to be specially laundered, and even after a heated day's play he still managed to appear as immaculate as when he first walked on.

If there is a particular lesson any of his three sons should have learned from Father, it was in modesty. Never once have I heard him discussing his own cricket records.

Last year he stepped into his seventies, still as energetic and mischievous as ever. He plays golf three times a week, and he is a regular churchgoer. His only active cricket now is with one of his grandchildren on the lawn. I remember young Jack, aged seven, bowling to him once with a tennis ball, which struck a loose stone, shot under Father's bat and knocked down a centre wicket.

The boy's disgust was undisguised. "And to think that they call you a famous cricketer!" he said with a grimace.

Who is the famous father? For his name—and the complete photograph—turn to page 30

too, Stevie. You may die tonight. Would you like me to say a prayer or two before you go to sleep?"

"Harps and angel's wings," he muttered. "I don't hold with that."

"I know you don't," I said. "What creed were you baptized into, Stevie? What church did you go to when you were a boy?"

"It said C. of E. on my disc," he said sleepily. "That's what they said I was."

"Then you're one of my parishioners," I said. "Look, Stevie, I'm going to say two little prayers, and then I want you to answer one or two questions. They're very simple. Now listen carefully."

So I did what I had to do, and he was quite good about it, and I gave him the Absolution. Then Liang was ready with the second pipe, and he took that and smoked it, and now he was much easier, and apparently in little pain.

He handed the pipe back to Liang.

"Another?" asked the Chinaman, and Stevie nodded. I glanced at Sister Finlay; she shrugged her shoulders slightly, and then nodded.

Stevie said, "I'm dying, aren't I?"

"I hope not," I replied. "If you are, there's nothing to be afraid of."

"I'm crook all right," he muttered. "She wouldn't let me have three pipes, 'less I was bloody crook. I ain't afraid of dying. I'll go carrying the Queen."

The hallucinations were returning; no doubt that was the opium. Perhaps the fading mind was poisoned through and through with that outlandish drug. "You'll be all right," I said quietly. "God is very merciful, and he won't judge you too hard."

"You don't know nothing," the old man muttered weakly. "I could tell you things. Old Liang here, he's got the rights of it. I ain't done so good. I know it. I'll start lower down next time. But I'll be all right. Everyone gets another shot, however low you go, and I'll be right."

He seemed to be convinced about reincarnation in some form.

"You'll be right," I said. "God will look after you."

There was a long, long pause while Liang fiddled about preparing the next pipe. He gave it to Stevie; the old man inhaled deeply four or five times, and gave it back to Liang.

LIANG gathered up the spirit lamp and the pipe and the saucer of opium, and padded off with them to the next room. I moved and sat down on the chair beside the bed. Sister Finlay bent over and held the old man's pulse for a minute, and then stood up again.

"Going off now," she said in a whisper.

I nodded. "I'll sit with him for a bit." I glanced at the candle; it was burning very low. "You can put that candle out and save it, Sister, if you like. We may need it later on. I've got the torch here."

She moved to the table and blew out the candle. I took Stevie's hand in my own.

I knew that there was something that I had intended to ask Stevie, and that I had forgotten. I sat there in the darkness holding his cold hand, fuddled and incompetent in my fever, trying to remember what it was that I had forgotten to do. And then it came to me—it was about relatives.

I pressed his cold hand, doubtful if I had not left it too late. "Stevie," I said. "Stevie, can you understand me? This is Roger here—the parson. Tell me, before you go to sleep—what's your other name, your surname? What's your full name?"

I felt the hand that I was holding stir a little in my own, and I forced my fuddled mind to concentrate upon what he was saying.

"Anderson," he muttered, "David Anderson. Me cobbers call me Nigger."

It was no novelty to me to come upon a man known by two names. The country districts of Queensland are full of men like Stevie; I know several sailors who have jumped their ships and have worked for years upon the cattle stations under false names.

"David Anderson," I said hazily. "Are you married, David?"

"Too right," he muttered.

"Any children?"

"Two."

In my heat and my fatigue I was immensely relieved that I had time to get this matter straightened out. "I'll write a letter to your wife when you're in hospital, and tell her how you're going on," I said. "Where does she live?"

"Letchworth," he muttered. "Outside Canberra."

"What's the name of the house, or the road?"

"Three Ways, in the Yarrow Road."

"I'll write to her as soon as we get you into hospital."

"She come from England, too. Her dad and mum, they live at Oxford, at a place called Boars Hill. But we met at Buck House."

Even in my fatigue, I knew that this was nonsense. "Try and tell me what's real," I said wearily.

HE did not answer that, but his old hand stirred in mine. "The Butterfly Spirit," he muttered. "What goes out of you, flipping about all sorts of places while you sleep, Liang tol' me. This ain't real."

There was a silence. I glanced around me as I sat by the bed. My eyes had become accustomed to the faint light now, and I looked to see what Sister Finlay was doing. She was sitting by the table, one arm resting on it; her head had fallen forward on this arm, and she seemed to be asleep.

Liang was nowhere to be seen; probably he was in the next room. A faint odour of burning incense drifted round me as I sat there in the darkness, and I thought that he had probably lit another of his joss sticks before the Buddha. The rain still drummed upon the roof, but the clouds cannot have been very thick because to my night-accustomed eyes it was light enough to see a little way across the open clearing, looking through the open door from where I sat. The animals were still there; they had come closer, and I could see them sitting or standing on the edge of visibility.

From the bed Stevie spoke suddenly. "I was born near here. My dad was a drover."

It was queer how fact and hallucination were mixed up in his mind. It was entirely credible that his father had been a stockman or a drover, as it was quite incredible that he had married a girl from Oxford.

"There's one thing you can do, cobber," he muttered. I bent to catch his words. He said, "Send a telegram to Rosemary at Letchworth. Air Vice-Marshal Watkins. Got that, cobber? Air Vice-Marshal Watkins. Say to see Air Vice-Marshal Watkins, 'n the R.A.A.F. will fly her up to Group at Invergarry, 'n she can come on in one of them helicopters."

It was all delusions, of course, a botch-potch of war memories.

"I'll see to that in the morning," I said quietly. "Now try and get some sleep."

It seemed to me that he stirred restlessly in the darkness. "I got to get in touch with Rosemary," he muttered, and it seemed to me that he was sobbing. "I got to get to her. This ain't real. She'll get me out o' this. . . ."

There was nothing I could do for him. I sat holding his hand, and listening to him sobbing in the darkness. Death sometimes comes in very distressing forms. After a time I asked him, "If you can't sleep, shall I ask Liang Shih to make you another pipe?" I knew Sister Finlay would allow it, if it would give him rest.

"I don't smoke a pipe," he muttered. "Never did. I *got* to get to Rosemary."

He lay twisting and turning on the bed in his delirium, so far as the paralysis would allow. I had a raging thirst; half in a dream I got up and went to the table—I think—and took a long drink of the muddy water.

Stevie was still restless, muttering

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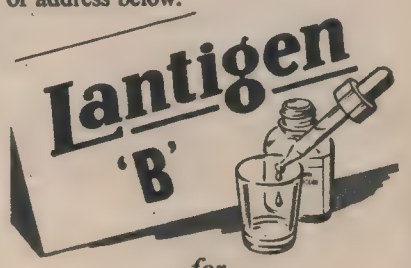

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something incoherent. I bent to hear what he was saying but I could make no sense of it, though I heard the name Rosemary again. My lips were thick and drying again in spite of the drink that I had taken, too parched to speak, but I managed to ask him somehow, "How did you come to meet Rosemary?"

The drumming of the rain upon the tin roof was insistent, almost too loud for me to hear his weak voice, but he answered, "I got sent to Boscombe Down after the war. And then I got sent to White Waltham. I met her at the Palace."

In my fever I asked him, "What palace?"

"Buckingham Palace," he said. "Where the Queen lives, cobber."

I KNEW, with my intellect, of course, that this was nonsense. He was delirious, and I was not much better.

"Where's Boscombe Down?" I asked.

"In England," he said. "West o' London." He said that it was where new aeroplanes for the R.A.F. were tested in flight. In a dazed stupor I remembered that this man had been a pilot in France in the first war, so it was possible that he had been to such a place. He said it was a very big place on an aerodrome, staffed by many engineers and scientists, all testing these aeroplanes. The pilots were a mixture of every nationality in the British Commonwealth because each country used to send its best pilots to Boscombe Down, so that there were British and Canadian and Australian and Rhodesian and Indian pilots, and many others, all working together test flying these aeroplanes and living in the same mess.

I sat there, feverish and confused, listening to his fantasy while the rain drummed down upon the roof.

He said that he had been there for about six weeks, flying on some experimental test flight every day, when he first met Group Captain Cox. He had done a job early in the morning which had involved a climb to 80,000 feet in an experimental fighter followed by a long dive down to a lower altitude, but the refrigeration had been unsatisfactory and he had had to pull out and reduce speed at 40,000 feet as the temperature in the cockpit became unbearable. He went up and tried it again, and managed to hold the dive down to 32,000 feet; he landed after an hour and ten minutes in the air, very exhausted.

He wrote some notes for his report while the details were still fresh in his mind, and went back to his quarters for a shower and a change. Then he went over to the mess for lunch.

There were three Australian pilots on the course at that time, one from the navy and one other with himself from the air force. In the ante-room he saw the other two standing with the C.O. and this strange group captain. The C.O. called him over, and introduced him to Cox. "This is Squadron Leader Anderson."

The group captain was evidently English, and an officer of the old type, lean and soldierly and handsome, with perfect manners. "Morning," he said. "I'm in the book. What are you drinking?"

He said, "Tomato juice, sir."

"Flying this afternoon?"

He shook his head. "I grounded my thing for a refrigeration check. It's got to go into the hot hangar; it won't be ready till tomorrow."

"Have a sherry, then."

"No, thanks. I never do."

He found that the group captain was interested in the work that he had been doing on the fighter, and wanted to know a good deal about it. Quite early in the conversation David Anderson became mindful of security and parried one particularly direct question skilfully by turning it into a joke, which made the C.O. and the group captain laugh, not altogether at the joke.

"It's all right, Anderson," the C.O. said. "You can talk to him."

"Everything?"

"Oh yes, everything. We're not afraid of him."

They lunched together, and in conversation it became evident to David that the group captain's main interest lay in the flight trials of the new de Havilland 316, later to be known as the de Havilland Ceres. This was of interest to the Australian, too. Before he had left Laverton to come to England for this course, David had had an interview at Canberra with the Australian Minister for Air. The Minister had told him about this new mail carrier which was then beginning its flight trials in England, and he had told him that the Australian air line, Qantas, had placed an initial order for six of the new machines to expedite the air mail service from England. Because of this order, and because the aircraft might be interesting to the Royal Australian Air Force for other purposes, the Minister had written to the Air Ministry in London to request that Squadron Leader Anderson should participate so far as possible in the flight trials of the aircraft while it was at Boscombe Down. So far, David had had nothing to do with it.

HE spent that afternoon, however, with Group Captain Cox and the firm's test pilot examining the new machine in the hangar. The mail carrier was designed to fly from England to Australia with one stop at Colombo, which is almost exactly halfway between London and Canberra. The cruising speed of the machine was about five hundred knots at fifty thousand feet, so that the journey from England to Australia would be completed in about twenty hours, carrying three tons of mail. The manufacturers, with an eye to other markets for this fast, long-range

aeroplane, had designed the fuselage to be sufficiently large to carry twenty passengers in lieu of freight, so that the 316 was quite an interesting aircraft capable of a variety of uses.

It was not until the evening that David Anderson discovered the identity of the officer with whom he had spent the afternoon. At dinner in the mess he asked the C.O. what appointment this group captain held; he was still slightly troubled about security, because he had been talking to him very freely.

The C.O. said, "He's the Captain of the Queen's Flight. Didn't you know?"

David shook his head. He knew vaguely that the post existed and that it had to do with the air travel of the Royal Family, but he knew little of the organization. "What is that, sir?" he asked. "Do they have their own aeroplanes?"

The C.O. shook his head. "Not now," he said. "They used to in the very early days, in the fifties and sixties, but now they charter machines for their journeys from one of the corporations, or borrow them from the Royal Air Force. It's nominally an independent organization paid for out of the Privy Purse, but nowadays there's not much more than a typist charged up to the Royal Family. Cox is an R.A.F. officer, of course." He paused. "They've got a hangar at White Waltham aerodrome still, and a little ground equipment. The Prince of Wales had an Auster there at one time, but I think he's sold it now."

David had not been in England long enough to know all the aerodromes, and he had never been to White Waltham. "That's a civil aerodrome, isn't it?" he asked.

The other nodded. "Near Maidenhead. It's quiet for them there, and close to Windsor."

In the fortnight that followed, David saw a good deal of Group Captain Cox. He found himself allocated to the flight trials of the mail carrier next day, and Cox was evidently deeply interested in the machine. When David began to fly in it on trials as second pilot he found that Cox was frequently a passenger in the bare fuselage behind him with the scientific test observers and their gear. Several times when the test work was over and before landing, at the instigation of the chief pilot David slid out of his seat and the group captain took his place to fly the 316 for a time. He was a very good pilot still, though he had grey hair and he was well over fifty years of age.

When this had been going on for about a month, David was mildly surprised to receive an invitation from the group captain to dine with him at his home. He lived in a small Georgian house in Windsor, standing in about an acre of ground that adjoined Windsor Great Park, so that the house looked out over a wide expanse of park land, and a herd of deer grazed up to the garden fence. It was a very stately little house, beautifully kept and very well furnished; it was a grace and favour house. Here Frank Cox lived with his wife and family of three young children in a dignified and gracious way of life that David had never seen before.

It was a somewhat formal dinner, conducted with such ease that it did not seem formal to the Australian. The other guests were a Major and Mrs. Macmahon, and a sister of Mrs. Cox. Macmahon was a man of forty-five or fifty, cast in the same mould as the group captain, a pleasant man with easy manners but with quite a keen business sense, and widely travelled. He had evidently spent some time in Australia and could talk about it with some inner knowledge; David did not learn who he was or what he did, and wondered about it a little.

Like many test pilots, David was a keen sailing man. Since he was likely to remain in England for a year, he was planning to buy a small five-ton yacht and to keep her in the Hamble River, and he was about to clinch this deal. He found that both Macmahon and Cox were yachtsmen, and this made a bond and enabled him to keep his end up in the conversation on that topic.

They talked a good deal about flying, too, and about the recent war when David had been acting wing-commander in charge of an Australian bomber squadron operating from Luzon. Altogether, the evening passed very pleasantly and quickly for David Anderson; it was a surprise to him to find at the end of his cigar that it was eleven o'clock, and time for him to take his leave and drive back to Boscombe Down in his small sports car.

A week or ten days later he got a letter from the High Commissioner for Australia instructing him to call on the Commissioner at Australia House, and giving him an appointment in the afternoon. Somewhat surprised, and wondering what this was all about, he took the day off and went up to London, and was shown into the office of the High Commissioner, a Mr. Harry Ferguson. He had met Mr. Ferguson for a few minutes formally when he had arrived in England, but he had not seen him since.

Mr. Ferguson got up from his desk to greet him. Like all Australians, he believed in using Christian names. "Come on in, David," he said. "I've been wanting to see you." He made him sit down in a comfortable chair by the desk, and sat down again himself, a heavy, genial man in a grey business suit.

He gave David a cigarette. "Well," he said, "how are you liking your job down at Boscombe Down?"

The pilot said, "I couldn't like it better. I've been flying the 316 a good deal recently." It was in his mind that Ferguson wanted to know about the Qantas order.

"I know. It's a good machine, isn't it?"

"It's a bonza job," David said. "They've got a few bugs to get out of it, but nothing serious."

"I know. You're quite happy in your work there? Would you consider a change?"

"I don't suppose I'd like it," said the pilot. "It couldn't be a better job than I've got now." He paused. "What sort of change?"

"You've been seeing a good deal of Frank Cox recently, haven't you?"

"Group Captain Cox? He's been down there a good deal, flying the 316. I had dinner at his house one night."

"I know," said Ferguson. He sat in thought for a moment, and then said, "How would you like to join the Queen's Flight?"

To be continued next week

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THE HIBERNATION OF GWENDOLEN FITZADAM

Continued from page 16

such a brilliant horsewoman should be laid low at the very height of the hunting season. I suppose it was the only line they could take, poor dears. . . .

It was quite exciting in the spring when the almond blossom came out. I guessed then that it wouldn't be long before Gwendolen awoke from her long winter sleep. Harley Street was agog, too. Several of the London specialists practically had the engines of their Rolls-Royces running as they waited for the message I was going to send the moment Gwendolen showed signs of returning activity.

That happened about nine o'clock on a Friday night. A slight quickening of the pulse was the first thing I noticed. It increased all through the night and was accompanied by a rise in temperature and a more rapid respiration. By morning all three were nearly back to normal, and the room was full of people waiting for the great awakening.

It was a lovely April day. The window was open; the blossom was out; a thrush was outside. Inside the room you could have heard a pin drop as we listened to Gwendolen's gentle, regular breathing.

What would she say when she woke up? Would she recognize any of us? Would she be surprised, happy, disappointed, glad? The breathing was interrupted. She stirred and stirred again as the thrush went on singing. The doctors moved closer to the bed. Then finally she opened her eyes and shut them again. A whole minute passed, and then she opened them for a second time. And then at last she spoke. "I think I'd like some coffee," she said dreamily, "and a large dish of scrambled eggs. . . ."

It was almost as interesting the following autumn. The specialists did their best to earn their fees and had prescribed several bottles of medicine but Gwendolen poured it all down the sink.

Cub hunting began. Gwendolen went out with the hounds once or twice, rode as beautifully as ever, and her parents began to look a little happier. The 11th of November passed without incident, and the 12th and 13th, and even the 17th.

On the 18th there was a north wind blowing and a few flakes of snow. They were all going to a hunt ball that evening, and the cars were already at the door when Gwendolen decided to go up and change her shoes.

She was rather a long time in coming down. In fact, she didn't come down. When they went up, she was already on the bed wrapped in the eiderdown with her pulse and temperature dropping. The second hibernation had begun.

From then on it happened every year some time before the end of November. And I discovered another thing about hibernation which I had never known before. It was extremely good for the skin. Gwendolen woke up each spring with a creamy, velvety complexion and a colour that was a joy to see. Naturally, she came to be known as the Sleeping Beauty.

But there was this difference. The prince might kiss her till he was blue in the face, but she wouldn't wake up, or ask for scrambled eggs, until the weather was reasonably warm.

By the time she was nineteen, Gwendolen was an extremely beautiful young woman and the young men were buzzing round her like flies.

I don't know why she picked on Michael Stricton. He was very good-looking, certainly, and said to be an up-and-coming young barrister. But there was something I didn't much like about him. A lack of redeeming weaknesses, perhaps. Or maybe it was just that I admired Gwendolen too much myself. I was very fond of her although I had wanted to wring her neck.

It was a rapid courtship. A dance or two, a whispered word, some flowers, a little moonlight, a kiss; and there they were. I don't think anyone was better pleased than Sir George and Lady Fitzadam. They had been looking forward to Gwendolen's marriage for years. Nothing could quite remove the stain on the Fitzadam escutcheon; but marriage would at least remove it to a comfortable distance.

They gave a very slap-up party as an engagement celebration. It was August, and there was a full moon and dancing as well as champagne and a magnificent supper.

I believe it was just after supper that Michael and Gwendolen wandered out on to the terrace hand in hand and stood leaning on the balustrade looking at the moonlight shining on the hydrangeas. Gwendolen was feeling suitably sentimental and she squeezed his hand and spoke softly.

"It's sad to think that I shan't be with you all the time, darling."

"Whatever do you mean?" Michael asked—almost sharply.

"Well, my hibernation, darling. It always comes on in November."

"Good heavens, you don't mean to say——!"

"But of course I do, Michael."

"Well, you'd better change your mind. Snap out of it, old girl."

Gwendolen didn't much like being called "old girl" in any circumstances. She liked it even less in the present context.

"I don't quite understand you, Michael," she went on coldly.

"Well, it's quite simple: it's what I said. You'll just have to snap out of it."

"But snap out of what?"

"Why, this hibernating nonsense."

Gwendolen now withdrew her arm from his.

"You don't think that I do it voluntarily, Michael!"

"No, I don't." He looked straight at her. "I think you do it wilfully."

The look he now saw on Gwendolen's face was a warning, and he went on more cautiously. "Not that I blame you in the least, darling. I think all this hunting is a terrific bore. But I don't want you to go out hunting, so there's no longer any need for you to hibernate."

"But it's natural to me, Michael; it's the only way I can resist winter."

"Nonsense! You could wear warmer underclothes. There are all sorts of ways. Hang it all, when one marries one has to accept the—the responsibilities of marriage."

"I think you're being absolutely horrid."

"Well, dammit, who wants to marry only seven-twelfths of a wife!"

Gwendolen was already removing the ring from her finger.

"That settles it," she said icily. "And it's the second miraculous escape that I've had!"

If it had been the season, Gwendolen would no doubt have gone straight upstairs and started hibernating. As that was impossible she waited till everybody was filling their glasses to drink her health and then informed them blandly that the engagement was broken off. It rather spoilt the party. . . .

Gwendolen was looking prettier than ever after another hibernation, and her next young man was Christopher Brent. He was a weaker vessel than Michael Stricton and a much nicer one. When Gwendolen put on her wistful look and said what a pity it was that she couldn't be with him all the time, he gave the correct answer at once. He said that if he only had her for one month in the year it would make the eleven worth living for. No one could have done better than that.

The Fitzadams weren't risking another engagement party. The wedding took place quietly at the end of July, and the happy couple had three blissful months before hibernation set in. Christopher had a lot of arrears of work to clear up after the long honeymoon, and I don't think he felt the first hibernation as badly as might have been expected. Even so, I believe he spent hours gazing rapturously at Gwendolen wrapped in her eiderdown.

The second was not so good and that was partly my fault. I have a clever and charming niece called Sarah. She is now a very competent young actress and was then a student at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. I introduced her to the Brents, and she hit it off with both Gwendolen and Christopher from the start.

When hibernation began, she went

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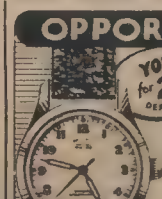

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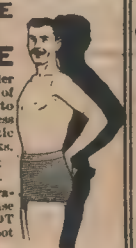

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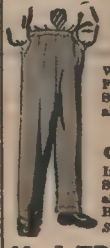

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on seeing rather a lot of Christopher, and I was becoming worried about it. In the end I asked her bluntly if she wasn't seeing rather too much of him. Sarah replied soothingly that everything was nicely under control.

It was Sarah who saved the situation. Christopher was very attractive to her; but she wasn't a grabber of other women's husbands and she knew, too, that Christopher wouldn't have been behaving as he did if Gwendolen were around and about.

So the night she suddenly found herself in Christopher's arms she quietly put a stop to it. "No, Christopher, no," she said gently. "You don't want to get yourself into this kind of mess."

Christopher sat down dejectedly. "But I can't stand this, Sarah," he groaned. "I ought never to have married Gwen. I didn't know what it was going to be like."

"You're still in love with her, aren't you?"

"Yes. I am. That's the awful thing. It's terrible to be in love with a woman who isn't there."

Sarah looked at him thoughtfully for a moment. "It was some kind of shock, wasn't it, that made Gwendolen start this hibernating?"

"Yes, she took a toss out hunting. That was seven years ago, and she's been doing it ever since."

"Don't you think perhaps that another, different kind of shock might stop her doing it?"

"I wish to heaven it would, but I can see——"

"Just leave it to me, Christopher. I think I can see a way out. . . ."

I wasn't brought into the plot till some time later. I hadn't attended one of Gwendolen's spring awakenings for a number of years. They were always the same. The pulse, respiration and temperature all returned quite rapidly to normal, and Gwendolen sat up and demanded coffee and a large dish of scrambled eggs.

This time Sarah insisted that I should be there. She intended to be in the room herself and she needed some warning from me of the moment when Gwendolen would open her eyes. I gave her the warning in plenty of time, and Sarah was standing near the foot of the bed in a new, very attractive dress for the occasion.

OUTWARDLY, everything was very much like the first time. The window was open; the blossom was out; the thrush was singing; and Gwendolen stirred and stirred again before she opened her eyes and began her dreamy speech: "I think I'd like some coffee and a large——"

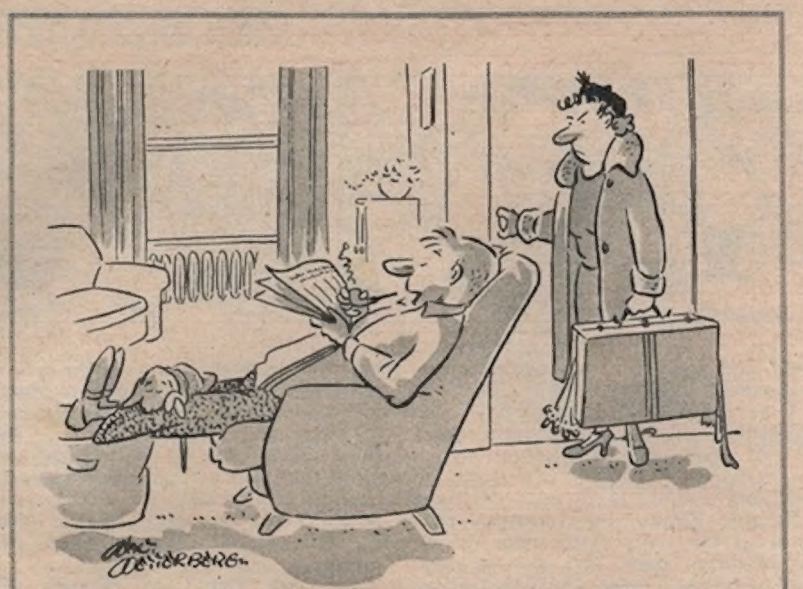
It must have been at that exact moment when Gwendolen realized the possible meaning of Sarah's presence in the room. And I must say that Sarah was doing her stuff very well. The tense way in which she clapped her hand over her mouth was a masterpiece. Guilt, greed and disappointment all seemed to be there.

It wasn't wasted on Gwendolen, either. She gave Sarah what I can only describe as an extremely dirty look.

Sarah made a great business of slinking from the room, and Gwendolen watched her through the door. Then she turned quickly and held out her arms to Christopher.

Gwendolen never accused Christopher of having an affair with Sarah. She was very sweet to him all the summer, and Sarah stayed well away, doing repertory up in the north. Just to make doubly sure, however, she returned when the leaves began to fall and started to ring up Gwendolen about once a week, asking how she was. To which Gwendolen replied invariably that she was quite well, thank you.

In the meantime the first week in November passed, and the second and the third; and finally Christmas came. Gwendolen never showed the slightest sign of hibernating that year; and never has since. She and Christopher now have two charming children. Sarah, too, has an attractive husband of her own as well as a successful career on the stage. THE END



"Of course I'm paying attention—you said you were never coming back, or something."

UNBROKEN

Continued from page 19

outside the harbour. Although she was surfaced at the time, only five of the 120 men aboard the Olympus managed to swim back to harbour. The rest were lost.

In the interests of security, the crew were told they were preparing for an ordinary patrol, but the cat was out of the bag when our kit was brought aboard from the Maidstone, and we stocked up with engineering and electrical spares.

I lectured the crew on the need for secrecy, and I'm glad to say that my lecture was heeded. Secrecy was kept—until two cases of Scotch were sent from Government House boldly inscribed, for all the world to see: "LORD GORT, MALTA"!

For the officers at Malta we loaded gin and sherry; the sailors at the base there—H.M.S. Talbot—were remembered by the inclusion of three tons of dehydrated vegetables.

As the submarine was stuffed with extra gear and food, some had to be stowed in the wardroom. This was already overcrowded due to changes among my officers. When Taylor had left us a short while before, Haddow had replaced him as first lieutenant and we had received two new officers. Lieutenant "Ted" Archdale, R.N., a fair, very precise twenty-year-old from Northern Ireland, came as armament officer—Haddow's former position—and we were also given the luxury of a "spare" officer — "Tiger" Fenton, R.N., a dark, thin and wiry lieutenant from Oxford, also twenty years old. With the extra gear, our tiny living space soon became a shambles.

Strait Blocked By Mines

Before leaving Gib I had a final look at QBB255—the name given to the main enemy minefield. It lay, a vast, rectangular threat blocking the Sicilian Straits, bounded by a line drawn from Marittimo across to Cape Bon, from there down the Tunisian coast to Ras Mahmur near Hammamet, then across to Pantelleria and up to Cape St. Marco on the south coast of Sicily. Since enemy convoys used it, the area was not entirely mined, but it was a tough enough spot just the same.

I spent our last night at Gib sitting on a balcony of the Rock Hotel watching, perhaps for the last time, the setting of the sun over the distant Atlantic. I felt very relaxed and calm, and strangely confident of success—despite the pessimistic implication of the letter in my pocket.

When we had first arrived at Gib I considered the possibility of getting killed and decided I ought to make some provision for my wife and child. The answer seemed to be an insurance policy. Not a large one—just a thousand pounds for Ting in the event of my non-return. In my pocket was the insurance company's reply. Yes, they would willingly insure me, but the premium for a thousand pounds was five hundred pounds a year! Since my pay was less than five hundred a year I decided I could not afford to get killed even if a convenient opportunity presented itself.

The following afternoon we waved farewell to the Maidstone and sailed eastwards to pour a tiny drop of lubricating oil on Churchill's rather rusty "Hinge of Fate."

Our journey passed quietly until 4 a.m. on July 18, when we dived to eighty feet south of Marittimo for the passage through QBB255. I decided on a direct, bold route, suspended halfway between the minefield via Cape Granitola. The distance of the run was sixty miles—fifteen hours of it at four knots.

Gave Them The Jitters

The thought of QBB255 gave us all the jitters. The sense of helplessness . . . the fact that you cannot hit back, are permanently on the defensive, listening, waiting, magnifying every jolt and movement. You speak in whispers as though loudness of voice will, in some indeterminable way, add to the hazards, and you are reluctant to make any but the most necessary gestures or movements. It is a nerve-racking business.

Inside the minefield, I had the mine-detecting unit—a refinement of the asdic—switched on in an effort to plot the pattern of the mines and sail between them. A regrettable action. We plotted mines, right enough: ahead, to starboard, to port, above, below—everywhere! Cryer's eyes popped from his head as he reported each new echo, and a few wild expressions and quivering lips were to be seen in the control-room.

I found it difficult to overcome a tremendous temptation to alter course as the mines were reported, but common sense prevailed and we continued dead ahead. A submarine going through a minefield can be compared to a man walking through line upon line of soldiers with a ladder on his shoulder and his eyes shut. As he passes through one line he *may* hit a man in the line in front, but if he swings round he is *certain* to hit, not one, but half a dozen. So we kept to the straight and narrow.

Slowly, blindly we crept forward, while the air thickened and our sweat-soaked clothes clung to our bodies, until unable to bear any longer Cryer's maddening and demoralizing reports, I ordered: "Switch that blasted thing off and never switch it on again!"

Their Final Hazard

The hours dragged past in uneasy, clock-ticking silence. We lapsed into a half-sleeping state of stiff-jointed, head-throbbing weariness, and it came as a shock to realize that it was nine o'clock, and that we were through the minefield and could surface.

Surface we did, and fresh air never smelled sweeter. I altered course to starboard for the sixty-mile run that would take us to our final hazard—the mine-blocked channel into Valletta.

We dived at the entrance of the channel as the new day appeared over the eastern horizon. The channel was sixteen miles long, shaped roughly in a semi-circle, only half a mile wide at its broadest point, and beset by strong currents and tidal streams. To add to our difficulties, the big periscope was jammed in low power, and we could not obtain long-range fixes of position from the Malta coastline. As our orders were to surface at sunset one mile from the Castile signal station, we pressed on and hoped that God was still with us.

It was the end of a beautifully calm summer's day as we turned ninety degrees to port towards Grand Harbour. The periscope revealed a sky untroubled by cloud and waters unrippled by breeze.

"Diving stations! Stand by to surface," I ordered. "Thirsk. Time of sunset, please."

"Seven forty-six, sir. Two minutes to go."

"What's the private signal?"

"T-A-G, sir."

I nodded my thanks. *Unser Tag*—"our day." How appropriate!

I told Signalman Osborne to take a look through the periscope at the Castile signal station.

"Got it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Right. Follow me up and give the private signal without delay."

Greeted By Bugle Call

Once again the boat was alive with movement and chatter. It was more than a reaction to the minefield—it was an awareness of the fact that we were starting on the greatest of our adventures together.

"We're in position, sir," Thirsk reported. "I make it sunset."

"Surface!"

Osborne opened the lower lid, allowed me to climb to the top of the conning tower, then followed armed with the six-inch aldis lamp. As we broke surface I opened the upper hatch, was soaked with water and was greeted by the sound of a bugle call from the fort. I stood aside as Osborne beamed the aldis towards the signal sation. At once they replied.

"Recognition acknowledged, sir."

"Group up. Half ahead together. Start the engines."

Fifteen minutes later we nosed towards the Lazzaretto on the shore of Manoel Island. A voice called across the water. "Here you are! Number two billet, between these buoys!" I recognized Lieutenant-Commander Hubert Marsham waving from the foreshore. I waved back.

We soon moored bow and stern to the buoys, and a pontoon was run out to connect us with the shore. A

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Cabbage habit

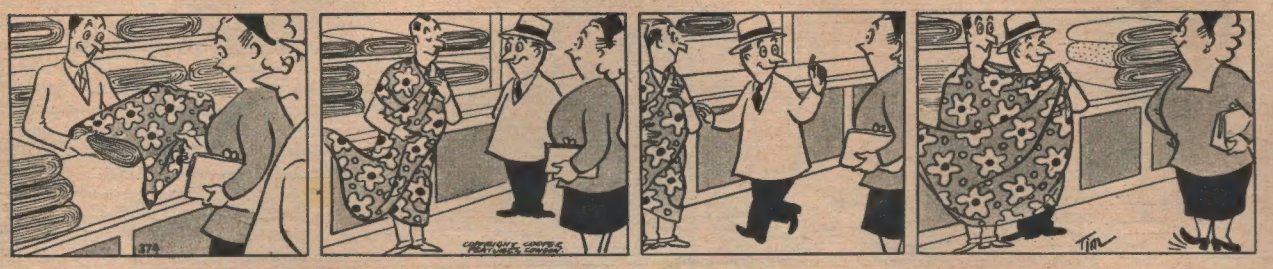
THERE is a very simple and efficient way of protecting your peace of mind. You simply refuse to pay any attention to anything that might decrease your ignorance or shatter your complacency.

Don't think—if you prefer to be a cabbage. It's all right as long as life doesn't *force* facts on you. But you will live more fully if you are alert, receptive and ready to revise your ideas if fresh facts demand it.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



minute later I was saluting Marsham, who was in command of the submarine base in the absence of Captain "Shrimp" Simpson.

Marsham led me to the wardroom. "I expect you'd like a gin."

"You bet." I replied.

"I feel I owe you one," he continued. "You've no idea how glad I am to see you."

I smiled. "You may rest assured of this, my dear sir—you're not nearly as glad to see me as I am to see you!"

Understandably, the sailors lost no time making their presence felt in and around Valletta. Although beer was rationed to one bottle per man per week, many ratings had "bottled their tots" during the voyage from Gib, and were well stocked with good, strong naval rum. The practice of bottling one's tot was quite illegal, and officially it did not happen, but I would be interested to hear of an alternative explanation for the unsteady footsteps of the watch ashore as they staggered across the pontoon to the island.

My own attitude towards the matter was simple: with all the uncertainty of tomorrow at sea, let them enjoy themselves today on shore so long as they do not get into any serious trouble. As it happened, our first night at Malta produced only one "casualty"—Able Seaman Jeff McTeare from Carlisle. Touring Valletta with his pal, Micky Jones, he was picked up by the patrol in the Colonade and run in because of his excessive high-spiritedness. When Micky, with Irish perversity, insisted on accompanying him, the patrol willingly obliged.

Next morning the padre visited the cells, came to McTeare and inquired solemnly: "And why are you here, eh?"

McTeare raised his heavy, throbbing head and replied in a hollow voice: "Because the bloody door's shut."

I heard of this incident later, for the padre, good chap, did not report it, and when McTeare was sent to me for punishment, I did my duty by awarding him no more than ten days "Number Eleven"— a sentence that involved ten days extra work during his off-duty hours, and loss of rum. (On reflection I must admit that at no time during my command of the Unbroken did I ever see such punishments enforced, but I am not certain whether that was due to my lack of observation or the kind-heartedness of my first lieutenants.)

Malta's Noisy Nights

The inevitable nightly air raid, now accepted as an essential part of the islanders' lives, shattered the peace of our arrival. It followed a pattern familiar to most people in Britain—bombs, shells and tracers filling the night and the ears with monstrous noise and fire, then the unreality of the quiet that followed the all clear. The raids on Malta differed from those at home in two respects: their greater frequency, and the fact that they left few fires burning, for there was little to burn on Malta's rugged sandstone.

The morning after our arrival, I wondered how best to defend the Unbroken against daylight air attack. I was reluctant to implement Captain Voelcker's suggestion that we should dive by day; and puzzled my brains for an alternative scheme. In the end "Jan" Cryer produced a bright idea —camouflage.

Haddow brought the suggestion to me with great enthusiasm. "There's a solitary tree on shore," he elaborated, "and if we lop off its branches we can break the boat's outline."

It seemed sound enough and was given my approval. By the time the job was finished, however, the tree on shore was little more than a stump, and the Unbroken was a shapeless mass of twigs and greenery. It was then that Thirsk pointed out, with great diffidence, that as there wasn't another bush or tree in sight for miles around, he had never seen anything that looked so obviously like a camouflaged submarine.

He was right, of course. The branches were ditched overboard, and an hour later the problem was solved for us by "a higher authority." It had been decided that when a raid was on its way a system of smoke screens would be touched off, and both Grand Harbour and Lazzaretto Creek hidden in a cloud of white smoke. The enemy could drop his bombs, but he would not be able to pick out individual targets.

After twenty-four hours at Malta we were joined by the United. We got together to congratulate one another on coming through in one piece and to share a general hate against QBB255. Later that night Captain Simpson flew in with a skeleton staff of three officers, and at dawn next day four minesweepers arrived from the eastern Med. We were becoming quite a fleet.

I was anxious to get to sea on patrol before enemy bombers sank us in the harbour, as they had sunk other submarines before us, but there was nothing doing. I kept pestering the Staff Officer, Bob Tanner, until he said, rather pompously, I thought: "Don't chase the war, young Mars. The war will catch you up." How right he was!

Finally I learned the cause of the delay. We were to take part in Operation Pedestal, the defence of the now famous August convoy to Malta.

On July 30 we sailed, our orders scribbled by Captain Simpson on a signal pad, but comprehensive for all their brevity. We edged down the channel escorted by fighters, and preceded by the minesweeper Rye—a pleasing change from our arrival.

Our patrol was to start off Naples and then to work down the Calabrian coast until we found a suitable spot to gun the main railway line to the south. To wreck the railway would be as good as sinking a large merchantman, for it was so heavily used that it was estimated that for every twenty-four hours it was out of action Rommel lost 14,000 tons of supplies. After the bombardment we were to take up station near Messina, with at least four torpedoes remaining to protect the convoy against any cruiser force that might loom up.

The minesweeper turned for home, and we experienced again the nerve-fraying miseries of QBB255. We survived it and surfaced at dusk, and I took my position in my newly designed "bedroom"—the bridge.

His Bedside Alarm

To save time in the event of action, I'd had a specially constructed steel deckchair lashed to the bridge. The two ends of the canvas seat and back were made with pockets that fitted over the chair's framework. Thus, if there was some flap I would leap to my feet, grab the canvas and throw it down the conning tower, all in one movement. Its "smack" against the deck of the control room would serve as the first indication that something was afoot. Unfortunately there were to be occasions when I rushed below forgetting the canvas, and Morgan, the second coxswain, was kept occupied manufacturing new ones.

Two incidents marked the next seven days—both unsuccessful attacks on enemy merchantmen. They cost me four torpedoes and I experienced the same nagging uncertainty I had known in the Gulf of Genoa—the fear of the effect of these failures on the crew. They were working hard and risking their lives, and when it came to the great moment it appeared as though I let them down.

The situation was such that one of three things had to follow—success and a new lease of life, a watery grave, or my being relieved by a new C.O. As far as I was concerned, only one of those three alternatives was at all satisfactory.

NEXT WEEK: We make a lone attack on an Italian cruiser force

MR. MOLONEY'S GHOST HAUNTS THE BURGLARS

Continued from page 14

the apparatus in the grandfather clock, this would be secure,' he said."

Such thoughts are natural to a man who has been called in to safeguard some of the important ministries, research establishments, safe deposits, banks, factories, museums and art galleries. A big job can cost up to £2,000, but he will protect a small flat for about £30, or a home with eight rooms at a cost of from £50 to £100.

Generally, Moloney does not aim at putting a detection apparatus at every possible point of entry. He protects the valuables inside in such a way that a thief cannot reach them without setting off one or more of the devices.

A burglar may get in through an unprotected window, but before he moves far he is almost certain to set off the alarm. A pad may have been under the carpet, or a device may have been fitted to a door or in a wardrobe where he reaches for furs.

When a burglar recently forced an entry into a London house he climbed a water pipe and entered a first-floor bedroom window without any warning going out. He stepped on the carpet—and off went the automatic alarm. Pads were hidden under the carpet and on both sides of the dressing-table.

He searched the dressing-table, pulling out drawers for jewellery. Off went number two alarm. He crossed the room, opened a wardrobe and gathered an armful of furs. Off went number three. He pushed the door of the room as he left. Number four. Number five went as he ransacked the next room. He was walking down the stairs when the police arrived, summoned by the first trap he sprang.

Sometimes Moloney employs infra-red rays. But he says: "Apart from the initial high cost—a single ray costs £100—there is usually a large amount of building work to camouflage the equipment, for a ray is no use if it can be seen. They are uneconomic for the average business or household, but one is useful for protecting a line of safes. And the wide publicity about rays has its psychological value for us. Some burglars are ray-conscious, and while they go around looking for rays they set off something else."

Setting traps in factories and business premises calls for ingenuity. "I've sometimes put a collection box on a table and wired that, knowing that thieves would make straight for it," says Moloney. "And if there's a canteen, I invariably protect it. Burglars always seem to be hungry."

Moloney and his staff have set traps in a coil of rope or on a ladder against the wall of an outhouse in a country estate—things which thieves seize as being useful in their night's work. Sometimes a trap of this nature in a country house sets off a mechanism that floods the grounds with light.

All the traps would be useless if the intruders could get to the telephoning "ghost voice," so it is always planted in the centre of the protected area.

"I have put it in a first-aid cabinet, under the stairs, under the floor boards, in lofts—even in a clock."

The voice on the recording which announces in clear, unflustered tones that burglars have entered is usually that of Mrs. Dinah Strike or Mrs. Wendy Tilbury, two of the firm's telephone operators. But in Bradford and Sheffield their southern accents were not appreciated by the police. "They considered them high-falutin," says Maloney. "As a concession to northern sensitivity, our service manager, a Lancashire man, makes those recordings."

When protecting a household, Moloney usually gives the householder two or three emergency buttons—at the front and back door and under the pillow. This is in case the householder hears a noise at night. The automatic alarm goes into action immediately the button is pressed.

Watchmen and night guards in buildings, too, are provided with emergency buttons. "In this way we make sure the watchman gets a message through. Otherwise, in an emergency he might not have time to phone 999."

Another method for securing a building where there is a watchman or a caretaker is to have a series of highly sensitive microphones hidden in various parts of the building. A sound receiver in the watchman's office or at the caretaker's bedside amplifies every sound. The scratching of glass sounds like a woodsman using a saw. Each microphone has its own switch so that it is easy for the night watchman to isolate the sound.

Thirteen years in this work have given Moloney a good knowledge of the methods of thieves. "Many places are entered through lavatory windows," he says. "It seems to be the weak spot that people forget to protect."

For householders he offers this advice: "Don't bother to lock inside doors, the doors of wardrobes, and drawers in chests. They represent no problem to a burglar, who puts his shoulder to a door and uses a jemmy on a locked wardrobe or drawer. And as well as a burglary you will have broken furniture." THE END

LIFE WITH FATHER

Here is the missing person from the photograph on page 24—Jack Hobbs, with his son, Len

JOHN BULL Celebrates Coronation month with SENSATIONAL LEAP in "BULLETS" prize-money!

£1,000 CASH

MUST BE WON OUTRIGHT FOR 2, 3 OR 4 WORDS

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A £2 10s. Holiday Cheque accompanies each of the 20 chief prizes won with a *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

THIS way to adventures in the fascinating world of words. Be guided by the prize-winning *Bullets* announced this week—and spurred on by *John Bull's* record 1953 prize of ONE THOUSAND POUNDS, which *must* be won outright.

Over £1,500,000 has already rewarded readers for discovering the thrills of *Bullets*. Follow them to a £1,000 success with your coupon below!

HOW TO WIN

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* given. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line — then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

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At Buckingham Palace
For The Brave
Fire-eater Neguib
Her World
Law Of The Land
A New Man
Flags Of All Nations
Everest
Captain Of The Ship
Made Fun Of
In Whitehall's Wonderland
A Queer Fish
Mum's Away, So
Young Hooligan
Torn To Ribbons
Skirl Of The Bagpipes
A Bit Too Hot
In Our Village Pageant

Incomplete "Examples" —see Instructions

The.....People
.....Of Our Dreams
Scared The.....
Doesn't Believe In.....
On The Foreman's.....
Something To.....With

"Bullets" Winners 1,884

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus Coronation Visit: Mrs. P. Tuckey, 2 Binham Meadow, Dunsfold, Surrey:

Dove From Moscow Won't Live On *Scorn*!

£50: H. Bostock, 8 Amilda Avenue, Ilkeston: THE BRIDE—MAY LIFE'S SMILE MATCH!

£25: Mrs. C. Prescott, 3 Spring Bank Terrace, Waterfall, Blackburn: A BEAUTIFUL THING—FAITH—ASK ANY BOOKIE!

OTHER AWARDS: £10: A. J. Gill, 28 Crowther Street, Castleford: IN MELTING MOOD—THAT MIGHT "MELT," RUSSIA. £9: M. McMonagle, Jr., 9 Parkville Drive, Blantyre, Glasgow: THE NEWSBOY WE MISS—NOW "MENTIONED IN DISPATCHES." £8: Miss R. Vasey, "Virginia Cottage," Shipton Thorpe, York: BREAK IN THE CLOUDS—OR "PEEPHOLE" FOR MALENKOV? £7: S. Morgan, 100 Kimberley Road, Roath, Cardiff: IN MELTING MOOD—NEGUIB—ONLY THREATENS *Liquidation*! £6: W. Stewart, 18 Ashgrove Terrace, Blairgowrie, Perthshire: BREAK IN THE CLOUDS—FOR VILLAGE BRIGADE, CLOUDBURST! £5: A. J. Williams, 23 Fairfax Road, Rhiwbina, Cardiff: AT OUR STREET PARTY—"ICEBERG" SMYTHES SERVING ICES! £5: W. G. Vickery, 136 Derby Lane, Liverpool: A COLD RUSSIA—CAN'T FORGET "SCORCHED EARTH."

For ten winners of £2 10s., see *"Bullets" Bulletin*. 50 Prizes of 10s. and 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

YOUR FIRST "BULLET" FREE THIS WEEK ONLY

HOLIDAYS, CASH AND PARCELS FOR XWORDS

This Way To Win

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

CLUES for XWORD No. 841

Across

1. Look out for this if you play with fire
2. Should be made so as to operate smoothly
5. One may speak of this as getting high
7. When a car gets out of control there's a call for unfailing this
10. Can soon prevent hundred per cent efficiency of staff
12. If you know it thoroughly, you're not so likely to get stuck as you go through it
13. Even a good player may be too ready to do this
14. Would give castle garrison strength, while besieged held out

Down

1. Should a great batsman make a duck, few people would think of it as a this
3. Ultra-modern painter may well not trouble about one
4. This on part of builder isn't necessarily a costly business to house purchaser
6. Describes friend who will give you expert garden help without thought of payment
8. To all healthy youngsters, a time eventually comes when they think they ought to begin to
9. Bright one is really the best
11. Unless it's fit, will probably fail to do what's expected of it

£100 1st PRIZE CASH PLUS £25 SEASIDE HOLIDAY

AWARDS VALUE £25 AMONGST 1st RUNNERS-UP

(If prize shared, £25 Holiday Cash similarly divided)

UP TO 25 SUMMER FOOD PARCELS —one with each Runner-up Award value £1 or over

"SIGNPOST" PRIZES for up to 500 2nd Runners-up

XWORD 836 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Stalks. 4, Tap. 6, Guilt. 8, Men. 9, Bells. 12, Roods or Roofs. 13, Pair. DOWN: 1, Storm. 2, Lamp. 3, Saga. 4, Trite. 5, Rage or Rare. 7, Bloom. 10, Grasp. 11, Slap.

£100 OUTRIGHT WINNER: W. P. Donnelly, 304A Haydons Road, Wimbledon, London, S.W.19.

Awards value £25 for 1st Runners-up shared by 6 entrants, each of whom receives Coronation Cake in addition. Useful "Signpost" Prizes awarded to 2nd Runners-up.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality. 2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators. 3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated July 4, and in JOHN BULL dated July 11), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, June 27, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,889 result.)

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "Combined," top left-hand corner.

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,889 (or Xword 841), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

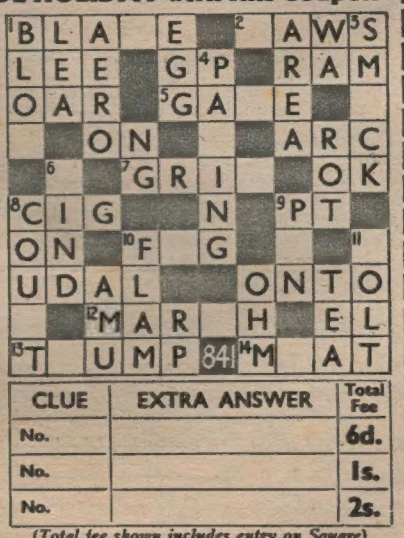
See next week's offer for RIVIERA HOLIDAYS!

WIN £100 and SEASIDE HOLIDAY with this Coupon

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one Extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.).

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of Crossword Gazette dated June 27.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature below is agreement to Rules.



CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
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No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

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841 Closing Postmark MON., JUNE 15

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STICK 2½d. STAMP here for "Bulletin"

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Set fruit in jelly in ring mould. Turn out when firm. Make creamy, richly-flavoured Bird's Custard. When cool, spoon into and around the jelly ring.

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Melt chocolate and spread in boat-shaped paper cases. Leave to harden, then remove paper and fill boats with cold extra-thick Bird's Custard. Let the children make the paper flags—they'll love it!

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Make 1 pint extra-thick Bird's Custard, while still warm beat in 1 oz. margarine. When cold spread between flaky pastry slices. Decorate tops with icing and chopped jelly sweets. Good? They're glorious!

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